

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2864.—VOL. CIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1894.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6¹/₂d.



THE NEW PREMIER: THE RIGHT HON. ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE, FIFTH EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

From a Photograph by Lafajette, of Dublin.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The recent newspaper inquiry, "Is Flirting on the Increase?" has evoked an admirable article from the *Spectator*. That so philosophic and austere a journal should stoop to such a subject seems a little strange. One can hardly imagine the *Spectator* toying with Amaryllis in the shade, and far less in this public manner; but it has had, it seems, its experiences in this matter, like the rest of us. If it possessed the courage of its opinions, one fancies it would go a little further and state—what is the fact—that flirting is mainly a matter for the consideration of the fair sex, for as for men, they get no serious hurt from it. The yeoman who loved Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and cut his throat on her account, must have been a very poor creature, and would have made a mess of his farm in any case. If he had had the least modicum of common-sense, he would, on the discovery of his most ridiculous error, at once have made up to his dairymaid, and found in her a real helpmate. "The man who looks back with wrath and resentment upon a flirtation because the woman who shared it has married somebody else must be a curmudgeon"; not, indeed, a "laggard in love," but a traitor to it. "The greater her charms and the greater the number they attract the more incumbent is the duty laid upon a woman to please the many before she makes happy the one." It has been, we are reminded, "the immemorial privilege of her sex." This strikes one, indeed, not only as true chivalry but as good sense. "For what has the disappointed suitor lost? Nay, is he not rather the gainer by such favour as she showed him?" There is, indeed, one exception to this liberty: she should not endeavour to win the affections of one who is another's admirer. She who does this is a bad lot, and generally and deservedly goes to the bad. Of course, there are selfish and egotistic men who, being unsuccessful in their suits, are determined that no other shall be more fortunate, and shoot down his bride at the very altar; but to call these miscreants lovers (except of themselves) is a misnomer indeed. As a rule, men get over these little disappointments very easily, whereas women do not, for a host of reasons, the chief of which is that a substitute for a lost lover is in their case much more difficult to procure.

It is true that we read a good deal about "the designing woman" in novels written by ladies. It gives them pleasure to describe these dexterous and wily creatures doing such mischief among the other sex; mothers, too, believe that their pure and innocent sons are always in danger from these unprincipled young persons. And yet the fact is that at twenty-seven none of them can hold a candle for evil intention to any ordinary youth of seventeen. The hypocrisy with which for their own ends men affect to fall in with the female view of flirtation and "the designing woman" is contemptible; even the most impudent of them seldom venture to adopt it among themselves; the tongue in their cheek is too obvious.

A recent number of the *Athenæum* contains a letter from "An American Publisher" upon literary agents which has considerable interest for English authors; he says nothing against "the middleman," but it is evident that he is not his brother. His suggestion that the intervention of this new ally "shakes the pillars of domestic peace" between the author and the old-established publishing houses is no doubt well founded; and if it does this in America it must do so much more in England. The publisher very naturally prefers the times when the author stuck to him and when he stuck to the author—often it must be admitted through thick and thin—to the present day, when (as he puts it confidentially to his friends in the Row) authors go "cadging" about from one house to another like butlers who give up a lasting situation to better themselves. He does not think the system a bit more respectable because it is pursued by deputy. This is a side of the question that undoubtedly merits more consideration than has been given to it. So far as our Transatlantic cousins are concerned, the *Athenæum's* correspondent also makes a strong point of the fact that the middleman, in his desire to realise his commission, is apt to sell not only his client's work but his client, by dealing with publishers of whose financial position he knows nothing, and acquires his knowledge of them too late. There are as honest publishers in America as in England, but also others, and these have much more audacity than our own rogues. I know an author who, curiously enough, escaped from one of these enterprising firms through their possessing an overplus of this quality. Before transacting business with them he saw one of their emissaries, who, in reply to his inquiries as to their stability, informed him with a pitying smile that a new partner had put a quarter of a million of dollars into the firm only last week. This seemed good enough, and a month or two afterwards he decided to sign the agreement. Another emissary of the firm waited upon him for that purpose, and all was proceeding smoothly, when this too zealous person happened to observe that a new partner had been admitted into the

concern only last week who had brought with him a quarter of a million of dollars. "What! again?" exclaimed the author, and positively refused to sign his name to anything. This course of conduct—though much resented at the time—was completely justified, for this too rapidly developing firm went to pieces within the fortnight.

I was myself, though involuntarily, a *particeps criminis* to a little sharp practice upon the part of an American house which had not the excuse of impecuniosity to offer. A member of the firm wanted me to recommend the purchase of a serial by a well-known author, Mr. A, for a very large sum. He left the manuscript with me, and afterwards called upon me for my decision. I told him that I thought the first seven chapters excellent, but the rest very inferior, and, in short, declined to have anything to do with it. He was sorry, of course, but very civil, and we spoke at large upon the copyright question and other matters. As he left the room, he said, "How many chapters, by-the-bye, did you recommend me to sample of this story?" I thought he was joking, but again observed that after seven chapters it seemed to me to tail off; and so we parted. A few weeks afterwards I wrote to a friend connected with the Colonies advising him, as I often did, about a serial for his newspaper, and he wrote back, "Many thanks, but we have bought Mr. A's novel. I have not read the whole of it, but I had seven chapters which were capital, and I am told that it is equally good throughout." That novel was not a success in the Colonies.

Interviews with eminent persons do not, as a rule, excite that feverish interest in me which it seems they evoke in most people, but the talk with Canon Wilberforce published in a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette* strikes me as very noteworthy. It is too much the custom of theologians to dwell upon the pride of life, as though the majority of human beings had a fine time of it, and to warn us that something is coming hereafter or a much less pleasing nature; whereas, as a matter of fact, a great deal of compensation is owing to the innocent victims of poverty, disease, and oppression, which, if omitted, must leave the scheme of Creation very far from a benevolent one. The Canon not only seems to feel this, but to push the matter still further in favour of the dumb creation. Who, indeed, can read the cases of cruelty to animals, that only fail to shock us from their frequency, in the daily papers, without feeling that there will be something amiss, "when God has made the pile complete," if misery is to be their sole portion? "They are manifestly included," says the Canon, "in that grand promise of restitution, 'The creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption.'" He considers that there is "as much to be said for the continuity of the personality of animals other than man as for the animal man after the phenomenon called death." I daresay this will horrify a good many people, the same class who secretly resent the idea of there being no respect of persons (meaning their own high mightinesses) in heaven; but its general effect on those with whom a clergyman's opinion has any weight cannot but make for good. A great many persons would cease to be brutal to animals if they thought, as the vulgar put it, "they had souls." In that Day of Judgment of which we talk so much and think so little, it is possible that some creature we had thought was dead, and knew was dumb, may be the most dreadful witness against us. A correspondent of the *Gazette*, in alluding to the Canon's opinions, states that they have long been his own, and that his entertaining them caused him to become a vegetarian. It seemed to him, I suppose, that to eat an animal would interfere with its future immortality. This is a very poor compliment to our martyr missionaries in cannibal islands, but the fact is we are most of us material, even in our spiritual views; when cremation was introduced, it was opposed by a bishop on precisely similar grounds.

A lady has had an unpleasant experience with a lunatic in a railway-carriage. Before there was a communication with the guard (which, however, this particular madman had the prudence to cut off), these adventures were much more numerous. I once read of a gentleman constrained by a very devout maniac to strip to his shirt, and then join him in a hymn. He escaped—at least, so far as the foot-board—and was charitably welcomed by a passenger in the next carriage, notwithstanding his want of apparel. It is probable, however, that the other repented of his hospitality when the madman appeared at the window with scarcely any shirt at all, and demanded admittance. He was, after a great struggle, repulsed at the point of our national weapon (the umbrella), and pushed on to the line, not hurting himself one bit, and repeating his hymn to the very last. I myself was witness to a gentleman's finding fault with a fellow-passenger's nose, and proposing to cut it off and substitute for it a dead guinea-pig, which he generously produced from his breast-pocket. He was not, however, mad, as it turned out, but merely a humorist in an advanced state of intoxication. It was in consequence of these little incidents that Mr. Serjeant Merryweather made his well-known reply to the remark, "How well Hanwell looks

from the railway!" which procured him the carriage to himself.

It is not only true that there are some people who read only the newspapers, but read them very thoroughly. It is perfectly amazing how long they take over it, especially in clubs. I noticed the other day what I am sure was a naturally benevolent old gentleman waiting for an evening paper, which was "in hand," and going through the whole gamut of human passion from impatience to despair. He was one of those persons who talk to themselves, and, under the circumstances, unnecessarily loud. At first he was almost placid. "I suppose he will have done with it presently," he muttered. Then "Why, the man must be reading the advertisements"; then, "Why, the fellow must be learning it by heart"; then "The wretch must be doing it on purpose"; and then "At last!" when it was put down, and he fell upon it like a tiger. I am sorry to say this was not the end of it, for finding, after all, that it was an evening paper of the day before (which, we may be sure, he had read) he uttered a word beginning with a very big D that electrified the reading-room. The other man probably did not care about the date of his paper; he only wanted to read something continuously, as an insect devours a leaf without heed to the details of its construction. It is the same class of person (though he thinks himself very superior) who boasts that he reads Horace or Montaigne every year right through; they have not the faculty of attention, and therefore each time it is new to them. When I was a boy, I was not mischievous like other boys, but benevolent; one of my little amusements was to take out the bookmark of my uncle's favourite volume, and put it back about fifty pages every day; by this means instead of its lasting him only six months or so, I prolonged his pleasure for perhaps a year and a half.

It has been cynically observed that the first thing in which we begin to economise in hard times is our charities. Considering that they do not often constitute any large portion of our expenditure, and in many cases are our only form (from the theological point of view) of insurance, this seems almost incredible; yet, from the testimony of Mr. Waugh, the protector of little children, it is only too true. The admirable society with which he is connected has been so ill-supported during the recent financial depression that it is £6000 in debt. "We are the helpers and the friends of the most helpless and friendless things that live," is its pathetic appeal, "yet we are not helped and befriended." It should not be a question of "Have we anything to spare for the prevention" of cruelty to children, but have we anything to give? It is, indeed, shameful that such a society should be necessary, but it would be still more shameful, since it has been forced into existence, to permit it to die.

The American prudery that used to amuse our forefathers is not, it seems, extinct, but only latent, like the fires of a volcano; now and then there are still eruptions. A year ago or so it was discovered by the managers of some educational institute that Longfellow was an improper poet: their delicate sense found something indelicate in his "Building of the Ship." Now some good, or goody-goody, people in Boston, the *Critic* tells us, are horrified at the seal of the new public library, which has two little boys without apparel upon it. They are not, it seems, Cupids (which would, indeed, be shocking), though they have torches, but typify somehow the spread of knowledge. It is fair to say that though a member of the Common Council has brought the matter before the City Fathers, some of the Bostonians perceive the absurdity of the objections. One of them remarks that whoever would blush at such a seal would blush to speak the naked truth: and another that if to represent babies as their Maker created them is improper, the outspread wings of the national eagle should be folded, since at present they suggest skirt-dancing. These prudish, and it is to be feared prurient, persons are probably the survivals of the generation at whom Mrs. Trollope and her contemporaries pointed the finger of scorn. Mr. Frederick Locker, in his "Patchwork," tells a story of a later date, in illustration of the unwillingness among certain circles to allude to such a thing as a leg. A girl goes in hot haste to fetch a doctor for her sister, who, she says, has broken a limb. "Which limb is it?" says the doctor. "Oh, I can't tell you which limb," says the girl. "But you must," replies the doctor. "Hang it! is it the limb she thrusts her needle with?" "No, Sir," says the girl, immensely relieved, "it's the limb she wears her garter on."

In Spain, it seems, the notion that physical correction is good for the soul still survives among the ecclesiastical authorities. The Bishop of Segovia has been flogging his dean for "professing Republican ideas and associating with Freemasons." The operation was appropriately accompanied by the chanting of the hymn "Miserere mei." The result was apparently most satisfactory: he abjured his errors and swore absolute submission to everything. If this was so in a Spanish dean, why should our English roughs be "brutalised" by the same discipline? Perhaps it was the hymn that did it, but why should not the rough also have his hymn?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER.

Lord Rosebery's accession to the Premiership is for all the world like the coming of the heir to his heritage. For some years past there have been many signs that Mr. Gladstone's mantle was destined to fall on the shoulders of the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Gladstone himself once made a significant allusion to this, but it is since then that Lord Rosebery's popularity has grown by leaps and bounds. At this moment no man, except the late Prime Minister himself, exercises so strong a personal influence over so many sections of the community. There are, indeed, many citizens of very moderate views to whom Mr. Gladstone never appealed, and who are impressed by Lord Rosebery's administration of foreign affairs and by his manifest sympathy with purely imperial interests. Then his connection with the London County Council has established his prestige with the working classes, especially in the Metropolis. His successful intervention in the coal strike strengthened his hold upon the Labour party. In Scotland he is all powerful. Among the Nonconformists, especially in the south and west of England, Lord Rosebery already has a name to conjure with; and yet he is the owner of race-horses, and a popular figure at Newmarket. Few statesmen have ever united so many advantages of political leadership. Moreover, in commercial circles, especially in the City, the new Prime Minister commands exceptional support. Despite the omens which pointed to Lord Rosebery's succession, the rapidity of the change caused some friction in the Liberal party, but the sudden and complete disappearance of this element, and the ease with which Lord Rosebery has effected the reconstitution of the Ministry, are further tributes to his personal authority. He gains not a little also from a certain mystery and aloofness which have latterly distinguished him. One of his closest political friends remarked the other day that he had never known Lord Rosebery talk politics in private intercourse. His absorption in the exacting duties of the Foreign Office may account for some of this reserve, but his temperament is the very reverse of that which constantly seeks to thrust a direct mental impression on friend or foe. As a public speaker, Lord Rosebery has no superior in lucidity and felicity of phrase, but he speaks rarely. He has been silent in the House of Lords nearly the whole of the Session which has just ended, though his speech on the Home Rule Bill caused no small stir on both sides by its startling candour. In a word, Lord Rosebery's intellect has an extraordinary combination of strength and delicacy, and it will surprise nobody if he should establish a personal legend almost as striking as those which are for ever associated with the names of Beaconsfield and Gladstone.

SOME OF THE PREMIER'S HOMES.

Lord Rosebery does not at present intend to occupy No. 10, Downing Street, preferring his home in Berkeley Square, where the first Cabinet meeting was held on Sunday, March 4. The house has recently undergone certain alterations outside; inside, the rooms are comfortably and artistically furnished, without any particularly striking features save the splendid library, which contains many results of painstaking search by the Prime Minister for valuable books in out-of-the-way corners of the metropolis.

Lord Rosebery does not much appreciate the "lonely splendour" of his town house, preferring to escape from the noise and smoke of town to his pleasant Epsom residence, The Durdans. Here he can benefit from the breezes which sweep across the Downs, and, like his political colleague and neighbour, Sir Charles Russell, he can pay visits to the race-course without difficulty, or enjoy a canter on the heath. He is very fond of horses, and few things give him more pleasure than to watch, from the verandah which surrounds the house, a parade of some of his splendid animals. None of the rooms are very large, but there is a pleasant air of homeliness which is lacking at 38, Berkeley Square. Lord Rosebery's children, too, are particularly fond of The Durdans.

Dalmeny House, the ancestral seat of the family, acquired notoriety when it became the centre of the first Midlothian campaign. Mr. Gladstone was the guest of Lord Rosebery during the stirring times which preceded his triumphant return to power in 1880, and on subsequent occasions, when he paid a visit to his constituency, the ex-Prime Minister was entertained here. The park abounds in pleasant glades and woodlands, and it formed one of the excursions undertaken by members of the British Association when it met in Edinburgh. Lord Rosebery's tenants on the estate have exceptional reason to regard him as a model landlord, for he has planned schemes for their welfare and for the encouragement of thrift which might well serve as an example to other large estates. It was at Dalmeny that

Lord Rosebery spent anxious days of consultation with Mr. John Morley prior to the formation of Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet.

There remains another home of the Premier to mention—Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard, in the county of Buckinghamshire—which came to him on his marriage, and the possession of which is sorrowfully linked with the memory of his late wife. It was the residence of her father, Baron Meyer Amschel de Rothschild. At Mentmore, it may be recollected, his Lordship entertained the members of the London County Council, who specially admired the fine pictures, which are cleverly lighted by electricity in a manner to display each of them to special advantage.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FAREWELL.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gladstone has actually resigned the place in which he was the most conspicuous figure in public life. No one who heard his last speech in the House of Commons in his capacity as leader of the Liberal party could imagine that this was his final testament to his followers, and that they would never again hear that noble voice affirming the broad principles of a policy or sounding the charge in a pitched battle. Mr. Gladstone spoke on this occasion with an intellectual

had scarcely left the gates when his predecessor was seen driving with his daughter, Mrs. Drew, and his granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Drew, who showed a lively interest in the homage of the crowd. So passes out of the stirring strife of politics the most tremendous personality Parliament has known since the death of Chatham. Mr. Gladstone's countrymen, without distinction of party, cannot but cherish a pride in the extraordinary personal gifts which, we hope, will continue to be exercised out of the political field for years to come.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

The member for Northampton may be described now as the "Reconciled Irreconcilable." After vowing that he would never submit to the Premiership of a peer—a "peer in a poke," as he genially puts it—and after threatening votes of no confidence and other awful things, Mr. Labouchere has now decided to close the cave which he temporarily occupied, and put up a notice, "This Cave To Let." The revolt below the gangway against Lord Rosebery, which reached its climax in Mr. Labouchere's letter to Mr. Marjoribanks, has melted away. But Mr. Labouchere is still with us, one of the most interesting personalities in public life. As a humorist he has few rivals; and the jests of Sir Wilfrid Lawson are extremely poor fooling in comparison with the cynical wit which gives so keen an edge to Mr. Labouchere's comments on passing events. His present mood is represented by the cheery assurance that he intends to spend his Parliamentary hours in the smoking-room. Of that most important department of political and social life Mr. Labouchere is, indeed, the presiding genius. He combines the ease and affability of the smoking-room with a strenuous zeal for the interests of native races in remote corners of the world, a vigorous hostility to company promoting as an agent of civilisation, and a keen scent for a humbug and a charlatan. Some of us think that Mr. Labouchere's best service to the public has been rendered in journalism, in which he has shown a fearless independence; but he gives to politics, and especially to the House of Commons, a touch of quaintness which is often the most appetising relish of that Assembly.

THE MATABILI WAR.

Our Illustration of the burning of Buluwayo, on Nov. 3, by order of King Lo Bengula when he left his capital, is from a sketch taken on the spot, at that date, by Mr. C. J. Allen; and we have other sketches of the Matabili War by the same hand. The last news from that country has been brought to Tati, and telegraphed to Capetown, on March 4, by Mr. Dawson, a trader who was sent beyond the Shangani River to ascertain the truth about the rumoured death of Lo Bengula, and to search for the remains of Major Allan Wilson's party. He states that it is beyond doubt that Lo Bengula died of fever on Jan. 23, at a spot about forty miles south of the Zambesi. Mr. Dawson reached the place where Major Wilson and his comrades were slain, and there he found thirty-three skulls, with other bones, which he buried in one grave dug beneath a tree, and put up a wooden cross, with the inscription, "To Brave Men." The Matabili are hurrying in to surrender, and there is no need to send any more troops.

BIG GAME OF AMERICA.

The pursuit of "big game" every year becomes more difficult as the restless tide of civilisation moves onward. The forests of British Columbia still contain animals of all sorts and sizes. The ice-bound territories of the Hudson Bay, with musk ox and reindeer, afford splendid sport. Nearer at hand are the moose and cariboo, which are met with in the forests of New Brunswick or the remoter parts of the province of Quebec. To those who may be anxious to know how these animals are pursued, and among what surroundings they are to be found, the collection of pictures, chiefly by American artists, brought together at the Burlington Gallery (Old Bond Street), will be a useful and entertaining guide, conveying more information to the eye of the sportsman than a dozen books of travel. For the less adventurous, there are some excellent and graphic pictures of the most notable spots which the traveller bound to Winnipeg or "the Rockies" will pass, giving him a foretaste of the less known places to be found among the "happy hunting grounds" to which he may be sojourning.

THE LATE INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

The Italian Government has apparently succeeded, without much difficulty, in suppressing the widespread revolt of Sicilian peasantry, by establishing martial law in many rural communes, with a force of about 14,000 troops under the command of General Morra, its Special Commissioner. We have been favoured by the British Vice-Consul at Palermo with a communication forwarding six photographs of a review of the troops, which were taken by an amateur photographer, Mr. Samuel Hamnett. Two of these are reproduced in our Illustrations.

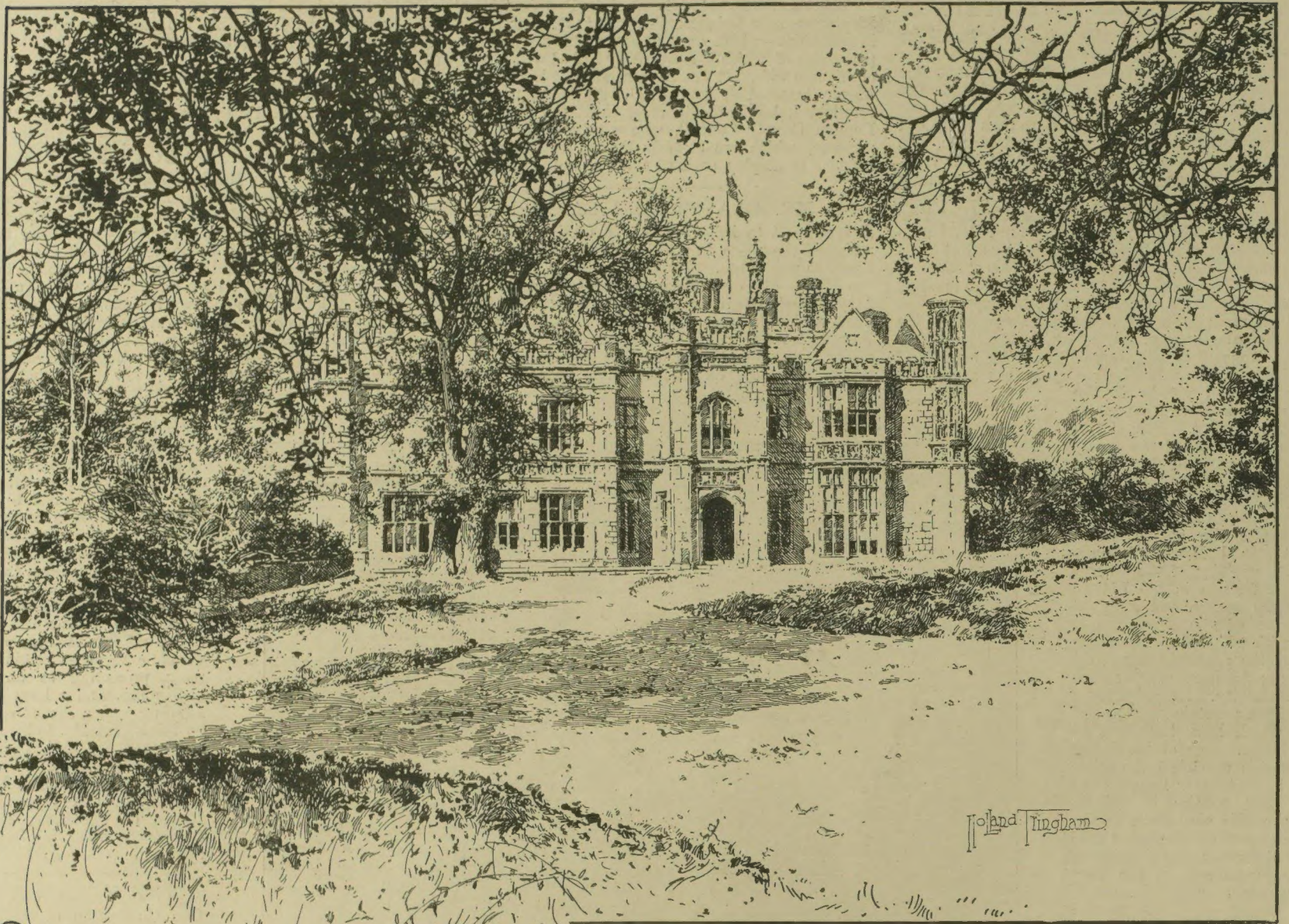


Photo by Watery, Regent Street.

THE RECONCILED IRRECONCILABLE: MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P.

and physical force which exhibited no sign of decay. The speech was, of course, highly controversial, for it declared war on the House of Lords, and committed the Liberal party to a campaign against the legislative veto of that Assembly. But apart from its political import, the speech was a remarkable display of Mr. Gladstone's most impressive qualities as a rhetorician. It was characteristic of the man to go out of the political arena sword in hand, and apparently with all his forces unimpaired. But the melancholy truth is that Mr. Gladstone's eyesight, which he has always overtaxed, has at last given him a decisive warning that he is a very old man. This decided him to surrender that burden of public duty which he could not continue to carry when convinced of so serious a defect, though there is considerable hope that the effect of an operation may restore to Mr. Gladstone the use of his eyes. It is certain that this retirement was really contemplated when Mr. Gladstone formed his fourth Ministry, and that his colleagues did not expect him to face the labours of another session. This withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from the scene in which he was the most illustrious living figure has excited widespread sympathy. His journey to Windsor to place his resignation in her Majesty's hands was regarded with all the more emotion as he was accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, the faithful partner of his greatness. There was a moving scene near Buckingham Palace just after Lord Rosebery's visit to the Queen to kiss hands on his appointment as Prime Minister. The new Premier

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.



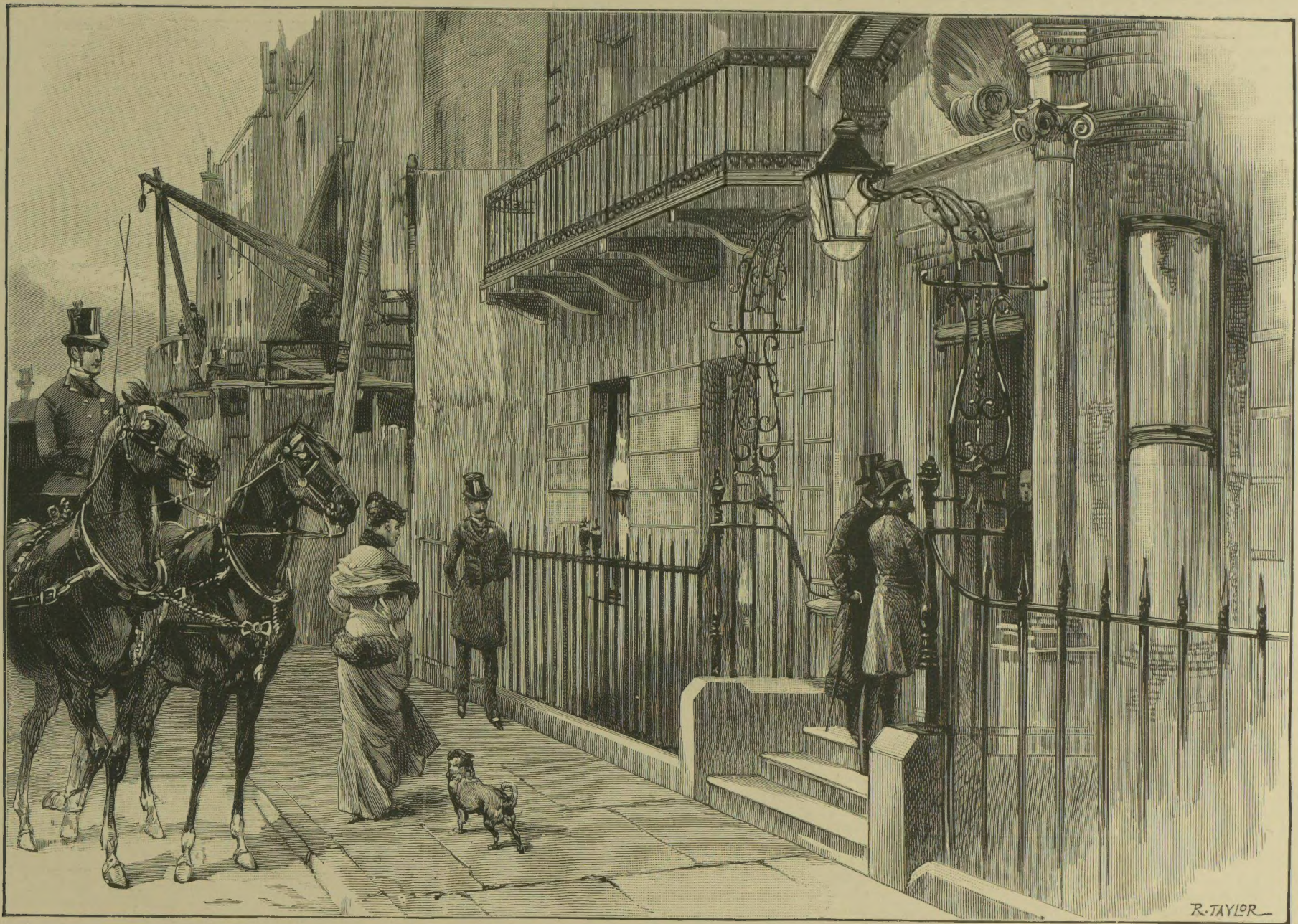
Dalmeny

DALMENY HOUSE, NEAR EDINBURGH, THE MIDLOTHIAN SEAT OF LORD ROSEBERY.



THE DURDANS, LORD ROSEBERY'S SEAT AT EPSOM, SURREY.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.



CALLERS AT LORD ROSEBERY'S TOWN HOUSE, 38, BERKELEY SQUARE.



EN ROUTE FOR WINDSOR CASTLE: MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE ENTERING THE TRAIN AT PADDINGTON ON FRIDAY, MARCH 2.

PERSONAL.

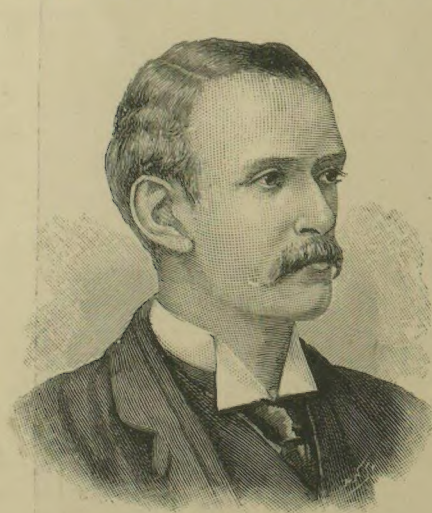
The new Baron Tweedmouth has some reason to complain of the fate which has abruptly cut short his career in the House of Commons. Mr. Marjoribanks was a rare example of that order of genius described as the heaven-born Whip. He had shown considerable ability in the House of Commons prior to the formation of Mr. Gladstone's fourth Ministry, but few had suspected this man of fashion of an inexhaustible industry and an extraordinary capacity for the management of men. Mr. Marjoribanks, on his appointment as Patronage Secretary, found himself responsible for a majority of forty, which many old hands declared to be doomed within three months. Yet the tenacity and tact of the chief Liberal Whip enabled him to carry that majority unbroken through the most difficult situations. Always alert, always confident, always master of himself, and always courteous, Mr. Marjoribanks enjoyed a popularity on both sides of the House never surpassed in the traditions of his office. It is unlikely that the summons to the House of Lords, which is a distinct stroke of irony at such a juncture, will prevent Lord Tweedmouth from serving the new Ministry in some post in which his experience and sagacity will continue at the command of his political leaders.

The late Lord Tweedmouth, whose sudden death has seriously embarrassed Lord Rosebery's calculations by removing Mr. Marjoribanks, the popular Whip of the Liberal party, from the Commons to the Lords, was the first holder of the barony. Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks was made a baronet in 1866 and raised to the Peerage in 1881. From 1853 to 1881 he sat in the House of Commons for Berwick, and the county of Berwick was represented by his son. The late Baron married a daughter of the first Lord Magheramorne, and his youngest daughter is Lady Aberdeen, the popular consort of the Governor-General of Canada.

Mr. Stuart Rendel, who has been made a peer by Mr. Gladstone, is one of the late Prime Minister's most devoted personal friends. To Hatchlands, Mr. Rendel's house in Surrey, Mr. Gladstone has often betaken himself for a day or two to escape from the whirl of official life. For many years Mr. Rendel was a partner in the Armstrong gun factory at Elswick. On retiring from that business he devoted himself to politics, especially to Welsh politics; sat in the House of Commons for Montgomeryshire; and was generally regarded as the leader of the Welsh Parliamentary party, who have on occasion given the Liberal Government not a little trouble. The new peer is connected with Mr. Gladstone by a close family tie, as Mr. Gladstone's son, Henry Neville Gladstone, married Mr. Rendel's daughter.

Another new peer is Sir Reginald Welby, who for nine years has acted as Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and now retires from an office in which he has rendered eminent public service. Sir Reginald Welby succeeded Lord Lingen at the Treasury, and will join his predecessor in the House of Lords. The wags are playfully speculating on the change in the political temperament of the new peers which may be effected by their translation. In the majority of cases, Mr. Gladstone's additions to the Peerage have not contributed to the scanty resources of his party in the hereditary Chamber.

One of the most notable changes in the new Ministry is the appointment of Mr. Marjoribanks' successor. This is



MR. T. E. ELLIS,
The New Chief Ministerial Whip.

new men, and the experiment of placing in such hands the delicate threads of party intercourse will be watched with great interest. The son of a Welsh tenant farmer, Mr. Ellis is an Oxford man of high academic repute. He is very popular in Wales, and is thoroughly representative of the interests of Welsh Radicalism. It has been justly observed that Mr. Ellis's promotion is perhaps the most signal illustration of the invasion of the old order by the growing democratic idea.

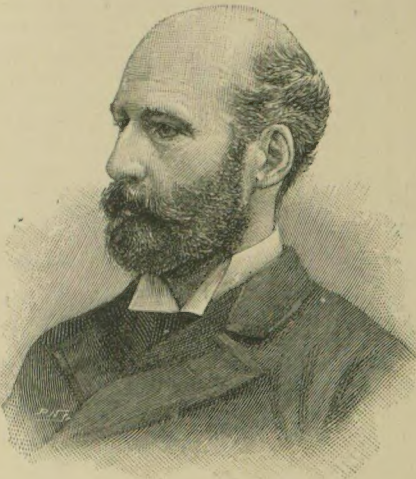


Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.
LORD TWEEDMOUTH (Mr. E. Marjoribanks, M.P.)

The new Canon of Westminster, the Rev. Basil Wilberforce, has a world-wide reputation. As a temperance reformer he stands in the front rank, and he has probably secured a larger number of distinguished converts than any other living apostle of teetotalism. Archdeacon Farrar is believed to have succumbed to the fascinating influence of Canon Wilberforce's oratory at the Stoke Church Congress. The new Canon, as might be expected in the son of the famous Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, is a High Churchman, but this does not prevent him preaching many of the doctrines which are held dear by the Evangelical school. He has several times spoken from the platform of Exeter Hall, where his rhapsodic eloquence always elicits the warmest applause. In the late Mr. Spurgeon's days he sometimes spoke at the Metropolitan Tabernacle; and in the diocese of Winchester he became involved in a long correspondence with the late Bishop Harold Browne on the expediency of preaching in a Nonconformist chapel in his own parish. At Westminster he will be to a large extent a "free-lance," and it may safely be predicted that his energy and enthusiasm will find still greater scope in a sympathetic recognition of the labours of others.

There is some speculation among the wags of the Opposition as to the generic name which must now be applied to the supporters of the Government. They cannot any longer be called Gladstonians, and though they call themselves Liberals, they are not regarded by the Unionists as entitled to that distinction. One suggestion is that they should be dubbed Roseberyites, another that the name should be Roseberians. On this point a Conservative correspondent writes: "Surely a fatal objection to the choice of 'Roseberians' is that the word is liable to be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, and a long e. What would Sir Wilfrid Lawson say if he were called a 'Rosebeeryun'!"

The distinguished military survivors of the great American Civil War, thirty years ago, drop off peacefully in their old age, one after another, until very few remain on earth. The late General Jubal A. Early, one of the commanders of the army of the Confederate Southern States, has died in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was a native of the State of Virginia, was educated at the West Point Military Academy, and served as an artillery officer in the campaign against the Seminole Indians of Florida, and in the Mexican War, but studied and practised as a lawyer during intervals of peace. In the Secession War, from 1861 to 1865, he held command under General Lee, and his performances at Gettysburg and in the Shenandoah Valley attracted much notice. After the final defeat of the Southern States, he withdrew to Mexico, thence went to Havana, and subsequently to Canada, but returned to his own country in 1869, and has since resided at Lynchburg.



THE LATE AMERICAN GENERAL EARLY.

It is quite true that when Lord Salisbury acceded to his title he was by no means willing to take his seat in the House of Lords, and consulted a high legal authority as to the chances of evading the summons to that Assembly. This authority was Lord Selborne, who soon convinced the new peer that his days in the House of Commons were at an end. Up to that time Lord Salisbury had clung to the hope that his career in the popular Chamber would not be arrested. There is a revival of the suggestion that peers should have the option of sitting in the Commons, and it would be interesting to know whether Lord Salisbury's early preference for that House would be revived were such a proposal to come before him in a legislative form. Probably the lapse of years and the course of events have considerably modified his youthful enthusiasm.

For the sake of record, it is interesting to tabulate the ages of the Prime Ministers in the Queen's reign, at the time of their first and last years in the high office—

	First Year of Premiership.	Last Year of Premiership.
Lord Melbourne at age of	55	62
Sir Robert Peel	46	58
Lord John Russell	54	73
Lord Derby	53	69
Lord Aberdeen	68	71
Lord Palmerston	71	81
Mr. Disraeli	63	74
Mr. Gladstone	59	84
Lord Salisbury	55	62
Lord Rosebery	46	—

At the dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club, the other evening, the chief guest was the Persian Minister, and among the visitors were Sir Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G. (honorary member), Mr. George Saintsbury, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. It is one of the joys of the club to discover among their guests somebody who has not read Omar; and it would seem that this pleasure is not likely to be exhausted by lack of opportunity or material. The two most interesting incidents were the reading by the president, Mr. George Whalé, of an unpublished letter from Edward FitzGerald to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, and a description by Mr. Arthur Lynch of one of his experiences as a traveller in Persia. The FitzGerald letter proved to be eminently characteristic, but the scribes who were present had to swear a horrid oath not to reveal its contents to a voracious public.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There will be a lull now in the theatrical world until Easter, when our most popular managers promise to burst forth with novelties by old dramatists and new as well. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the enthusiast in the cause of the drama, will be on the war-path again, and we are to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in one more new and original character before she quits King Street, St. James's, for the Haymarket. As this is the age of cultivated women, what more natural than that they should extend the field of their labours to the theatre? Lady novelists are winning all along the line, and are threatening to beat the men at their own favourite little game, so why should they not follow the example of their gifted predecessors, Mrs. Aphra Behn and Mrs. Centlivre, and write for the stage as well as act upon it? The old reproach that women have much sentiment but no humour has been blown to the winds. That their style can be essentially dramatic has been sufficiently proved in recent instances of fiction. All that they have to learn is a familiarity with what is called the technique of the stage. They must learn the ropes. No woman, or man either, for the matter of that, can sit down in the study and write a play just as they write a novel. They must study the stage, if possible, by acting on it. The best dramatists have been actors or retired actors, so the most favourable course for mastering the secret of dramatic effect is to watch the stage constantly, either from the front or actually on it. It takes some time before an amateur can learn the form of fiction. I can well understand, for instance, how, apart from its brilliant matter, such a novel as "The Heavenly Twins" frightened the reader who was accustomed to definite form in a novel. A play contributed on that fashion would of a necessity fail, though there are scenes in the book, scenes of real pathos and characters of true humour, that would be invaluable to a dramatist. Why, then, should not women study and write for the stage? Let not Miss Braddon be disheartened. She has written for the stage before, but she should turn her attention to an Adelphi or Drury Lane drama. I should like to see a play of modern manners, full of observation, satire, and sarcasm, a play of our own times, written by Mrs. Lynn Linton or Sarah Grand. The authoress of "The Yellow Aster" ought to write an excellent play. Mrs. Burnett ought to give us some more "Little Lord Fauntleroy's." Good work of any kind is welcome on the stage just now.

At any rate, from all accounts, the ladies are to have a new start after Easter. Lady Violet Greville has given Mr. Charles Wyndham a new play for the Criterion, called "An Aristocratic Alliance"; and rumour tells us that Mr. John Hare has given distinct encouragement to George Fleming, which is good news indeed. Mrs. Frankau, who has studied the stage as carefully and consistently as any authoress of my acquaintance, should certainly turn her attention to dramatic writing, and there are many more who only require a little persuasion to do the same. It is a fascinating art, and, if successful, is more remunerative than writing for the circulating library or the wealthy publishers. Let it never be forgotten that the late Henry Pettitt, who started a few years ago with a minus quantity, died worth £40,000! Remember, there is the American market as well as the English, and that a successful play is a small gold-mine.

The rare and difficult art of construction is certainly possessed by Mr. Ralph Lumley, who has written a very neat and clever little play for the ever-popular J. L. Toole, who has come back to his little house well, witty, and smiling. "The Best Man" is, to tell the truth, rather a bright comedy than a farce, and in its structure it is as neat and finished as one of the old Spanish comedies of Lopez de Vega, or of the earlier works of that master of construction, Scribe. In fact, it is so good that when it is all over we wish there were more of it. It is easy to see that the play must have been designed for Mrs. John Wood, but it fits Mr. Toole's company capitally. Mr. Toole himself has a part that suits him exactly: a chairman of a railway company who gets into a scrape with "a charming young widow he met in the train," and acts as best man to the old man who is to marry the widow aforesaid. The comic actor is in his usual muddled state, the butt of all the men and the idol of all the ladies. The leading character of the play falls to Miss Beatrice Lamb, who has a fine presence and a keen sense of humour. Her distracted state when she cannot for the life of her remember the name of the man with whom she has had the railway adventure is admirably assumed; while good bits of true character fall to Mr. Shelton and the two favourites of many years, Mr. John Billington and Miss Eliza Johnstone. Mr. Toole, as usual, has surrounded himself with a bevy of pretty girls; and I may say at once that they are clever into the bargain, one and all of them helping to brighten the play and make it attractive. The best of them are Miss Florence Fordyce, Miss Cora Poole, and Miss Alice Kingsley. Two at least of these are the pupils of that excellent actress Mrs. John Billington, who shows here that she can impart to others the gift that she has herself acquired. In a few days' time I expect Mr. Toole will have worked up Price Putflow into one of his most telling characters, and will give us some *tableaux vivants* on his own account.

A fairly funny farce has been brought out at the Strand, called "Mrs. Dexter," and it should be quoted in after time as an historical record that after the play was produced an extra comic character was written in for Mr. Willie Edouin, apparently with much success. It is known that the great Frederic Lemaitre altered the character of Robert Macaire after the first night, turning a serious play and part into comic ones; but I have never before heard of a comic rôle being plastered on to a completed farce.

On Saturday, March 10, the well-known English cyclist, Mr. R. L. Jefferson, will start about two o'clock from the doors of "Constantinople," at Olympia, for the Turkish capital. He will ride a Swift safety bicycle, will cross the Channel from Newhaven, and will then proceed on his long journey, which he expects will occupy three months, through France, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, remaining at Windsor Castle from Wednesday evening, Feb. 28, to Monday morning, March 5, was accompanied by the Empress Frederick of Germany, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Albany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and Princess Alice of Hesse. The Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon and Earl and Countess Spencer were visitors of her Majesty on Thursday, March 1, and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone arrived at the Castle on Friday, to stay with the Queen. On Saturday the Queen held a council, attended by Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Kimberley, Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Ripon, and Sir William Harcourt. After the council, Mr. Gladstone had an audience of the Queen, and resigned his office as Prime Minister. Her Majesty sent to ask the Earl of Rosebery to undertake that office. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and the Ministers who were at Windsor returned to London on Saturday afternoon. Her Majesty on Monday, with the Empress Frederick and other members of the royal family, came to London, and Lord Rosebery had an audience of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, kissing hands on his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury. The Queen gave a dinner party on Saturday evening. On Tuesday, March 6, her Majesty held a Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace, and on Wednesday evening returned to Windsor.

At the Drawing-Room the Princess of Wales, with Princess Maud, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of York, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian, the Duchess of Albany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Teck, and other members of the royal family were present. A hundred and forty persons were presented to the Queen.

The Prince of Wales, on Thursday evening, March 1, left London for Paris, where his Royal Highness stayed until Monday night, March 5, and then went on to Marseilles, to join his yacht, the *Britannia*, for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

The Empress Frederick and the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and others of the royal family, on March 5 visited the studios of Sir Frederick Leighton and other artists and the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The Duke of York on the evening of March 5 attended the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in honour of the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Prince Henry of Portugal. Mr. Clements Markham, the president, delivered an interesting address. Telegrams of congratulation were exchanged between his Royal Highness and the King of Portugal. The Portuguese Minister took part in the proceedings.

On the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from office, peerages are conferred on Sir Reginald Earle Welby, Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P.; also a baronetcy on Mr. John Cowan, of Beeslack, Midlothian; while Sir Algernon West is made one of the Privy Council, and the Hon. Spencer Lyttelton and Mr. G. H. Murray, private secretaries to Mr. Gladstone, become Companions of the Bath.

A Royal Commission has been appointed to consider the best means of establishing a well-organised system of secondary education in England. The Commission consists of sixteen members, with the Right Hon. J. Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, as chairman, and the Hon. W. N. Bruce, of the Endowed Schools Department of the Charity Commission, as secretary; the other members are the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Hibbert, M.P., Mr. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., Professor R. C. Jebb, M.P., Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith, the Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton, the Dean of Manchester, the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Wormell, Mr. M. E. Sadler, Mr. G. J. Cockburn, Mr. C. Fenwick, M.P., Mr. J. H. Yoxall, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, and Mrs. Bryant.

Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State for India, on March 1 received a deputation representing the Lancashire cotton industries, to oppose the rumoured intention of the Indian Government to reimpose the import duties on cotton goods. Lord Kimberley said the decision had already been taken not to reimpose the duties. Owing to the fluctuations in the exchange, the finances of India were for the moment in an unsatisfactory condition, but the Government did not think they were called on to consider so complete a change of policy as the reimposition of the duties.

On March 2 Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, at the Albert Hall, distributed the prizes to the successful pupils in the London schools of the Girls' Public Day School Company. Princess Christian, on the same day, spoke at a meeting held at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, in furtherance of the scheme for establishing a school of applied design in connection with the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.

The Cambridge Local Examination Lists are published. The centres in the metropolitan radius have furnished more than 1600 of the 6090 candidates who have been classified, and nearly 500 of these have carried off honours.

Judgment was given on Saturday, March 3, by Mr. Baron Pollock, in the Queen's Bench Division, upon the question of law reserved after the verdict of the jury in

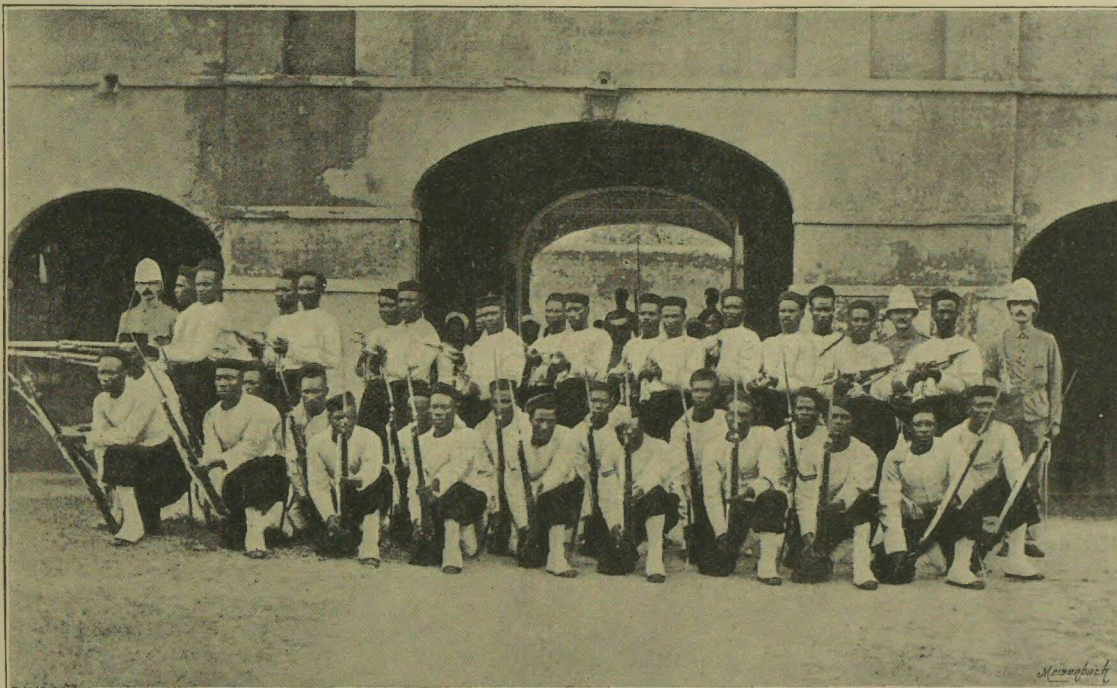
the action brought by Mrs. Martin, formerly Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the American lady writer and lecturer, against the Trustees of the British Museum, for having in their library a book and pamphlets containing libels on the personal character of that lady. The Judge decided that the British Museum Trustees were allowed and obliged to receive these with other publications, and the verdict for the plaintiff must therefore be set aside.

The London and North-Western Railway Insurance Society, which numbers 44,439 members in the employment of that company, resolved on Feb. 27, at the meeting of its delegates at Chester, to thank the House of Lords and the minority of the House of Commons for making a stand on the amendment of the Employers' Liability Bill to maintain the freedom of contract, under conditions favourable to the workmen, and to secure their retention of the benefits enjoyed by their existing arrangement.

The Bridges Committee of the London County Council has recommended applying to Parliament for power to rebuild Vauxhall Bridge, at an estimated cost of £454,000, including £30,000 for a temporary wooden bridge to cross from the western end of the Albert Embankment to Millbank.

The Duke of Cambridge, the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, arrived at Gibraltar on March 4, and next day reviewed the troops of the garrison, mustering 4000, and inspected the fortifications, accompanied by the Governor, General Sir R. Biddulph.

In pursuance of the new Local Government (Parish and District Councils) Act, which received the Royal Assent on March 5, the Local Government Board has issued a circular to all Boards of Guardians and urban sanitary authorities, other than Town Councils, in England and Wales, directing the first elections of urban and rural district councillors to be held on Nov. 8, 1894, or such later dates as may be fixed by the Board; the persons elected to come into office on the second Thursday after their election, when the existing guardians and sanitary authorities will cease to hold office.



WEST INDIAN TROOPS AT BATHURST BARRACKS, WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

There was an interesting debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on Saturday, March 3, upon the question of prohibiting the display of religious emblems or symbols in street processions, especially at public or private funerals. M. Spuller, the Minister of Public Worship, announced the intention of the French Government to deal with these matters in a new spirit of toleration, declaring that the necessity for defending the authority of the State and its Republican Constitution against clerical assaults or intrigues had now ceased, and the Government would not sanction an official course of petty persecution. A motion by M. Brisson, affirming the continued necessity of an anti-clerical policy in the interest of the Republic, was rejected by nearly two-thirds majority of the votes, and a resolution was passed agreeable to the views of the Ministry on this subject.

Lord Dufferin, the British Ambassador in Paris, on March 5 attended the banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce there, and made a speech on the reasonableness of cherishing friendly relations both with France and with Russia, highly commending the disposition of the Emperor Alexander III., and dwelling upon the sympathy between French and French nations, the appreciation of French literature and dramatic performances in England, the common interest of both nations in science and art, and the fraternity of French and English sportsmen. He declared that England has, for many years past, been learning to know France better, and to admire France more: there ought to be a good understanding between them for all time to come.

Prince Bismarck's castle at Friedrichsruh has been lighted with electric light, the power being derived from saw-mills which belong to the Prince, within a short distance of the castle.

A Portuguese national festival of much historical interest, the celebration of the five-hundredth year since the birthday of Prince Henry the Navigator, began at Oporto on Sunday, March 4, to continue three days. The King and Queen of Portugal were present, and went on board H.M.S. *Bellona* of the Channel Squadron. Prince Henry, son of King John of Portugal, was half English by parentage, his mother being Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and granddaughter of the English King Edward III. He devoted the labours of

nearly his whole life, dying in 1460, to the study and promotion of maritime discoveries far along the Atlantic coast of West Africa with a view to finding an ocean route to India, but it was not until 1497 that Vasco da Gama actually sailed round the Cape. The Prince resided at Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, which should be a place of pilgrimage on this occasion.

Although the hostilities between the Government forces and the insurgents in the bay of Rio de Janeiro still continue, and there are rumours of more fighting in the southern provinces, the general election for the United States of Brazil took place on March 1, according to official reports, "amid the greatest calm." Dr. Prudente de Moraes, a large landowner of São Paulo, and ex-President of the Senate, was elected President, and Senhor Victorino Pereira, a prominent lawyer, Vice-President. It is not until November that President Marshal Peixoto would retire.

The differences between Spain and Morocco have been definitely arranged with regard to compensation by the Sultan for the attack of the Riff tribes on Melilla. The indemnity is four millions of dollars, of which one million is to be handed over immediately, and the remainder paid by instalments.

The Pope received a deputation on March 3 from the Cardinals, who congratulated him on his birthday and the anniversary of his coronation. In his reply, he expatiated on the importance of the mission of the Roman Church.

The financial proposals of the Indian Government, laid before the Legislative Council at Calcutta on March 1, are designed to face a deficit of three-and-a-half crores of rupees, wholly due to the fall in exchange during the last two or three years. This deficit necessitates increased taxation, and the Government propose to take power to levy import duties at the rate, except in a few cases, of 5 per cent. They do not intend to include cotton yarns or cotton fabrics among the articles to be declared liable to duty. The annual revenue to be obtained from the import duties now proposed is estimated at 1,500,000 rupees.

They also propose a special duty on petroleum. This scheme practically reimposes the tariff schedule of 1875, with some exceptions, of which the most important is the omission of the cotton duties.

Renewed fighting took place on March 3 between the British forces on the Gambia and the followers of Fodi-Silah. Major Madden occupied the stockaded village of Busumballa after slight resistance. The enemy, however, returned in force and attacked the position. Severe fighting took place, and nine men of the West India Regiment were wounded. Admiral Bedford has landed the body of a seaman who has died of his wounds. Three hundred troops of the West India Regiment, with field-guns, under Major Fairclough, have joined from Sierra Leone.

The Canadian Government has agreed, subject to the sanction of Parliament, to enter into a contract with Mr. James Huddart for the conveyance of mails between England and Canada by four express steam-ships, capable

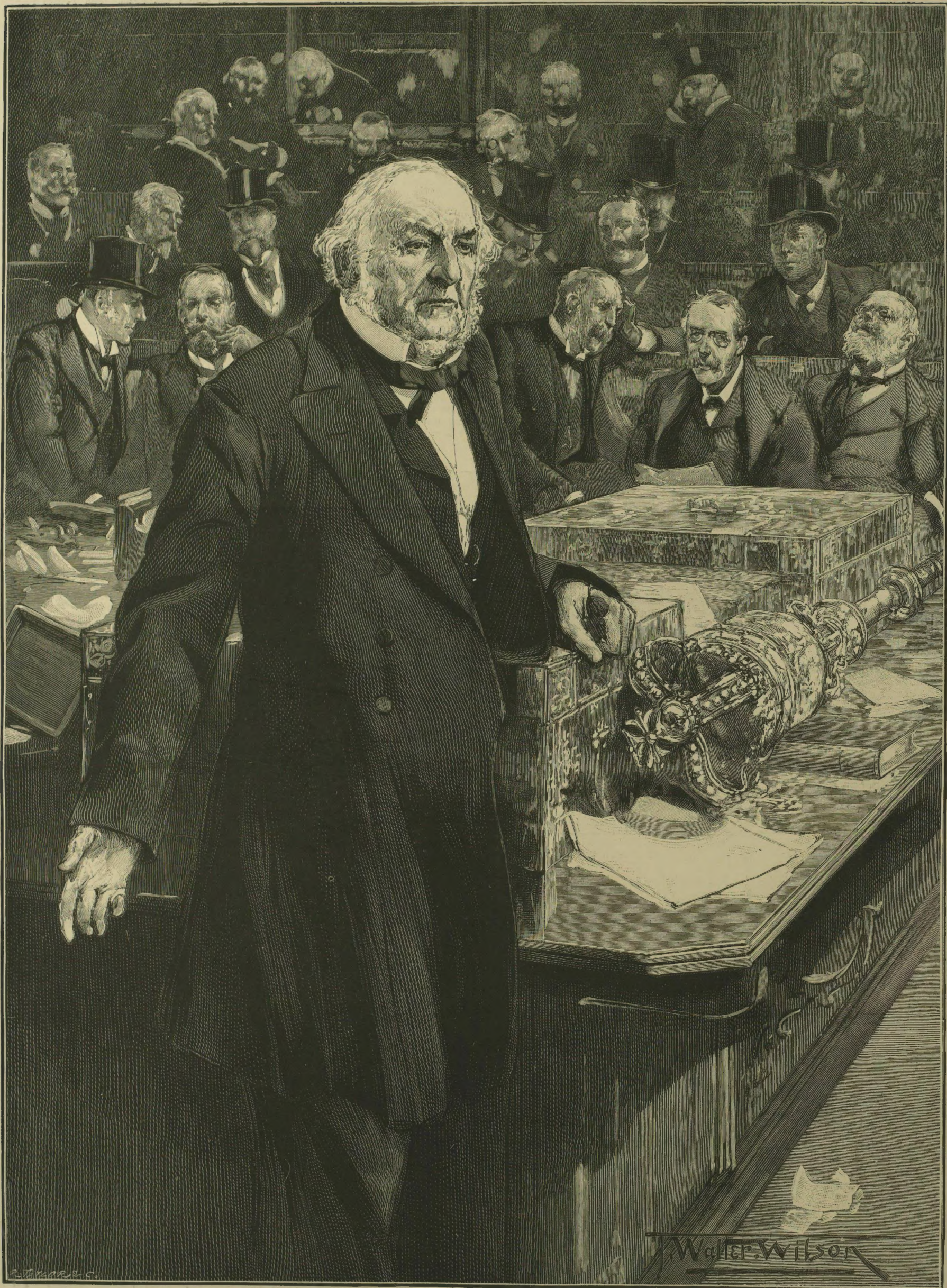
of steaming at the rate of twenty knots at sea, with ample cold storage for meat, poultry, and fruit. The Dominion Government's subsidy is to be £150,000 per annum. It is intended to unite the present Canadian and Australian steam-ship service, and to form a through service from England to Australia via Canada.

H.M.S. *Cleopatra* has landed ninety men in the Mosquito territory to protect the chief against the attempt of the Nicaraguan Government to break the treaty of 1860, which secured his independence.

An expedition will leave America in the summer in search of Nansen, the explorer. It is to obtain the services of a powerful Norwegian tug and ice-breaking steamer called the *Storgut*, specially built for ice work, of 136 tons and 60-horse power nominal. She is 84 ft. in length, over 20 in beam, and, while drawing practically no water at bow, draws up 13 ft. 3 in. aft. This peculiarity enables her to run up on heavy ice and crush it by her weight. It is intended that she shall tow out to Franz Josef Land a vessel or hulk laden with coal and stores, and there secure her in some safe anchorage. The men to be hired for the expedition will be all experienced Arctic voyagers, and will be supplied with sledges and dogs, to travel over the ice, north-east of Franz Josef Land.

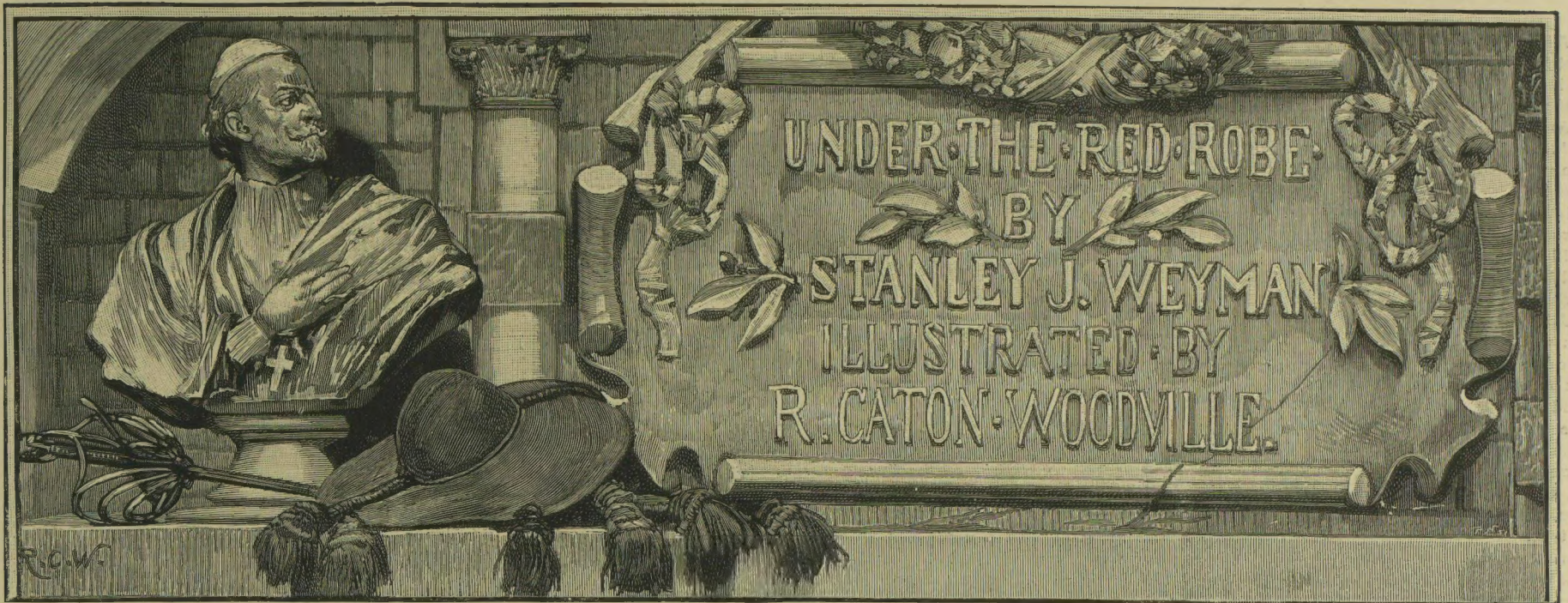
WEST INDIAN TROOPS AT BATHURST.

The regular infantry serving at Sierra Leone and in the Gambia territory on the Gold Coast consists of the 2nd Battalion of the West India Regiment, which has its headquarters dépôt in Jamaica, and is composed of negroes recruited among the population of the West Indian islands, fine men and very good soldiers, greatly superior in behaviour, intelligence, and capability of discipline to any negro race on the West Coast of Africa, and quite English in their speech and manners. They wear a handsome scarlet uniform, with white facings, are thoroughly drilled, and form a regiment that does credit to the British Army, with two colonels, four lieutenant-colonels, six majors, seventeen captains, and sixty lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, all of whom are English, Scotch, or Irish gentlemen. One battalion is always kept on the West African coast.



THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS: MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AS PRIME MINISTER.

"I have no difficulty in pronouncing a judgment on behalf of the Ministry in the issues that have been raised throughout this year between the two Houses. We take frankly, fully, and finally the side of the House of Commons. The House of Commons could not be a final judge in its own case, and I am by no means anxious to precipitate proceedings of that kind, however they may be invited by an impatience most natural in the circumstances of the case. No doubt, Sir, there is a higher authority than the House of Commons. It is the authority of the nation which must in the last resort decide. Happily, we know that we all of us are sufficiently trained in the habits of constitutional freedom to regard that issue as absolutely final upon one and upon all alike of every one of these subjects."



CHAPTER X.

THE ARREST.

It had come! And I saw no way of escape. The sergeant was between us and I could not strike him. And I found no words. A score of times I had thought with shrinking how I should reveal my secret to Mademoiselle—what I should say, and how she would take it; but in my mind it had always been a voluntary act, this disclosure. It had been always I who unmasked myself and she who listened—alone; and in this voluntariness and this privacy there had been something which took from the shame of anticipation. But here—here was no voluntary act on my part, no privacy, nothing but shame. And I stood mute, convicted, speechless—like the thing I was.

Yet if anything could have braced me it was Mademoiselle's voice when she answered him. "Go on, Monsieur," she said calmly, "you will have done the sooner."

"You do not believe me?" he replied. "Then, I say, look at him! Look at him! If ever shame—"

"Monsieur," she said abruptly—she did not look at me—"I am ashamed myself!"

"Why," the lieutenant rejoined hotly, "his very name is not his own! He is no Barthe at all. He is Berault, the gambler, the duellist, the bully—"

Again she interrupted him. "I know it," she said coldly, "I know it all; and if you have nothing more to tell me, go, Monsieur. Go!" she continued in a tone of infinite scorn. "Enough that you have earned my contempt as well as my abhorrence!"

He looked for a moment taken aback. Then, "Ay, but I have more!" he cried, his voice stubbornly triumphant. "I forgot that you would think little of that! I forgot that a swordsman has always the ladies' hearts—but I have more. Do you know, too, that he is in the Cardinal's pay? Do you know that he is here on the same errand which brings us here—to arrest M. de Cocheforêt? Do you know that while we go about the business openly and in soldier fashion, it is his part to worm himself into your confidence, to sneak into Madame's intimacy, to listen at your door, to follow your footsteps, to hang on your lips, to track you—track you until you betray yourselves and the man? Do you know this, and that all his sympathy is a lie, Mademoiselle? His help, so much bait to catch the secret? His aim, blood-money—blood-money? Why, *monbleu!*" the lieutenant continued, pointing his finger at me, and so carried away by passion, so lifted out of himself by wrath and indignation, that I shrank before him—"you talk, lady, of contempt and abhorrence in the same breath with me, but what have you for him? What have you for him—the spy, the informer, the hired traitor? And if you doubt, if you want evidence, look at him! Only look at him, I say!"

And he might well say it; for I stood silent still, cowering and despairing, white with rage and hate. But Mademoiselle did not look. She gazed straight at the lieutenant. "Have you done?" she said.

"Done?" he stammered; her words, her air, bringing him to earth again. "Done? Yes, if you believe me."

"I do not," she answered proudly. "If that be all, be satisfied, Monsieur. I do not believe you."

"Then tell me," he retorted, after a moment of stunned surprise. "Answer me this! Why, if he was not on our side, do you think we let him remain here? Why did we suffer



"My God!" I cried. And I stood looking at her until something of the horror in my eyes crept into hers, and she shuddered and stepped back.

him to stay in a suspected house, bullying us, annoying us, taking your part from hour to hour?"

"He has a sword, Monsieur," she answered with fine contempt.

"*Mille diables!*" he cried, snapping his fingers in a rage. "That for his sword! It was because he held the Cardinal's commission, because he had equal authority with us. Because we had no choice."

"And that being so, Monsieur, why are you now betraying him?" she asked.

He swore at that, feeling the stroke go home. "You must be mad!" he said, glaring at her. "Cannot you see that the man is what I tell you? Look at him! Listen to him! Has he a word to say for himself?"

Still she did not look. "It is late," she replied coldly. "And I am not very well. If you have quite done—perhaps you will leave me, Monsieur."

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders. "You are mad! I have told you the truth and you will not believe it. Well, on your head be it then, Mademoiselle. I have no more to say! You will see."

And without more he saluted her roughly, gave the word to the sergeant, turned, and went down the path. The sergeant went after him, the lantern swaying in his hand. And we two were left alone. The frogs were croaking in the pool; a bat flew round in circles; the house, the garden, all lay quiet under the darkness, as on the night when I first came to it.

And would to Heaven I had never come! That was the cry in my heart. Would to Heaven I had never seen this woman, whose nobleness and faith were a continual shame to me; a reproach branding me every hour I stood in her presence with vile and hateful names. The man just gone, coarse, low-bred, brutal soldier as he was, man-flogger and drilling-block, had yet found heart to feel my baseness, and words in which to denounce it. What, then, would she say, when the truth came home to her? What shape should I take in her eyes then? How should I be remembered through all the years then?

Then? But now? What was she thinking now, as she stood silent and absorbed near the stone seat, a shadowy figure with face turned from me? Was she recalling the man's words, fitting them to the facts and the past, adding this and that circumstance? Was she, though she had rebuffed him in the body, collating, now he was gone, all that he had said, and out of these scraps piecing together the damning truth? The thought tortured me. I could brook uncertainty no longer. I went nearer to her and touched her sleeve.

"Mademoiselle," I said in a voice which sounded hoarse and unnatural in my own ears, "do you believe this of me?"

She started violently, and turned.

"Pardon, Monsieur!" she murmured, passing her hand over her brow; "I had forgotten that you were here. Do I believe—what?"

"What that man said of me," I muttered.

"That!" she exclaimed. And she stood a moment gazing at me in a strange fashion. "Do I believe that, Monsieur? But come, come!" she continued impetuously, "I will show you if I believe it. But not here."

She led the way swiftly into the house through the parlour door, which stood half open. The room inside was pitch dark, but she took me fearlessly by the hand and led me quickly through it, and along the passage, until we came to the cheerful lighted hall, where a great fire burned on the hearth. All traces of the soldiers' occupation had been swept away. But the room was empty.

She led me to the fire, and there in the full light, no longer a shadowy creature, but red-lipped, brilliant, throbbing with life, she stood opposite me—her eyes shining, her colour high, her breast heaving.

"Do I believe it?" she said in a thrilling voice. "I will tell you. M. de Cocheforêt's hiding-place is in the hut behind the fern-stack, two furlongs beyond the village on the road to Auch. You know now what no one else knows, he and I and Madame excepted. You hold in your hands his life and my honour; and you know also, M. de Berault, whether I believed that tale."

"My God!" I cried. And I stood looking at her until something of the horror in my eyes crept into hers, and she shuddered and stepped back.

"What is it? What is it?" she whispered, clasping her hands. And with all the colour gone suddenly from her cheeks she peered trembling into the corners and towards the door. "There is no one here."

I forced myself to speak, though I was trembling all over like a man in an ague. "No, Mademoiselle, there is no one here," I muttered. And then I let my head fall on my breast, and I stood before her the statue of despair. Had she felt a grain of suspicion, a grain of doubt, my bearing must have opened her eyes; but her mind was cast in so noble a mould that, having once thought ill of me and been converted, she could feel no doubt again. She must trust all in all. A little recovered from her fright, she stood looking at me in great wonder; and at last she had a thought—

"You are not well?" she said suddenly. "It is your old wound, Monsieur."

"Yes, Mademoiselle," I muttered faintly, "it is."

"I will call Clon!" she cried impetuously. And then, with a sob: "Ah! poor Clon! He is gone. But there is still Louis. I will call him and he will get you something."

She was gone from the room before I could stop her, and I stood leaning against the table, possessor at last of the secret which I had come so far to win. Able in a moment to open the door and go out into the night, and make use of it—and yet the most unhappy of men. The sweat stood on my brow; my eyes wandered round the room; I turned towards the door, with some mad thought of flight—flight from her, from the house, from everything; and I had actually taken a step towards it, when on the door, that door, there came a sudden hurried knocking which jarred every nerve in my

body. I started. I stood a moment in the middle of the floor gazing at the door, as at a ghost. Then, glad of action, glad of anything that might relieve the tension of my feelings, I strode to it and pulled it sharply open.

On the threshold, his flushed face lit up by the light behind me, stood one of the knaves whom I had brought with me to Auch. He had been running, and panted heavily; but he had kept his wits. On the instant he grasped my sleeve. "Ah! Monsieur, the very man!" he cried. "Quick! come this instant, lose not a moment, and you may yet be first. They have the secret! They have found Monsieur!"

"Found him?" I echoed. "M. de Cocheforêt?"

"No; but they know the place where he lies. It was found by accident. The lieutenant was gathering his men when I came away. If we are quick, we may yet be first."

"But the place?" I said.

"I could not hear," he answered bluntly. "We must hang on their skirts, and at the last moment strike in. It is the only way, Monsieur."

The pair of pistols I had taken from the shock-headed man lay on a chest by the door. Without another word I snatched them up and my hat, and joined him, and in a moment we were running down the garden. I looked back once before we passed the gate, and I saw the light streaming out through the door which I had left open; and I fancied that for an instant a figure darkened the gap. But the fancy only strengthened the one single iron purpose which had taken possession of me and all my thoughts. I must be first; I must anticipate the lieutenant; I must make the arrest myself. And I ran on only the faster.

We seemed to be across the meadow and in the wood in a moment. There, instead of keeping along the common path, I boldly singled out—my senses seemed to be preternaturally keen—the smaller trail by which Clon had brought us. Along this I ran unfaltering, avoiding logs and pitfalls as by instinct, and following all its turns and twists, until we came to the back of the inn, and could hear the murmur of subdued voices in the village street, the sharp low words of command, and the clink of weapons; and could see over and between the houses the dull glare of lanterns and torches.

I grasped my man's arm and crouched down listening. "Where is your mate?" I said in his ear.

"With them," he muttered.

"Then come," I whispered, rising. "I have seen enough. Let us go."

But he caught me by the arm and detained me. "You don't know the way," he said. "Steady, steady, Monsieur. You go too fast. They are just moving. Let us join them, and strike in when the time comes. We must let them guide us."

"Fool!" I said, shaking off his hand. "I tell you, I know where he is! I know where they are going. Come, and we will pluck the fruit while they are on the road to it."

His only answer was an exclamation of surprise; at that moment the lights began to move. The lieutenant was starting. The moon was not yet up, the sky was grey and cloudy, to advance where we were was to step into a wall of blackness. But we had lost too much time already and I did not hesitate. Bidding my companion follow me and use his legs, I sprang through a low fence which rose before us; then stumbling blindly over some broken ground in the rear of the houses, I came with a fall or two to a little water-course with steep sides. Through this I plunged recklessly and up the farther side, and, breathless and panting, gained the road just beyond the village and fifty yards in advance of the lieutenant's troop.

They had only two lanterns burning now, and we were beyond the circle of light cast by these, while the steady tramp of so many footsteps covered the noise we made. We were unnoticed. In a twinkling we turned our backs, and as fast as we could we ran down the road. Fortunately they were thinking more of secrecy than speed, and in a minute we had doubled the distance between them and us; in two minutes their lights were mere sparks shining in the gloom behind us. We lost even the tramp of their feet. Then I began to look out and go more slowly, peering into the shadows on either side for the fernstack.

On one hand the hill rose steeply, on the other it fell away to the stream. On neither side was close wood, or my difficulties had been immensely increased, but scattered oak-trees stood here and there among the bracken. This helped me, and presently, on the upper side, I came upon the dense substance of the stack looming black against the lighter hill.

"My heart beat fast, but it was no time for thought. Bidding the man in a whisper to follow me and be ready to back me up, I climbed the bank softly, and, with a pistol in my hand, felt my way to the rear of the stack, thinking to find a hut there, set against the fern, and M. Cocheforêt in it. But I found no hut. There was none; and, moreover, it was so dark that it came upon me suddenly, as I stood between the hill and the stack, that I had undertaken a very difficult thing. The hut behind the fern-stack? But how far behind? how far from it? The dark slope stretched above us, infinite, immeasurable, shrouded in night. To begin to climb it in search of a tiny hut, possibly well hidden and hard to find in daylight, seemed a task as impossible as to meet with the needle in the hay! And now while I stood, chilled and doubting, the steps of the troop in the road began to grow audible, began to come nearer.

"Well, Monsieur le Capitaine?" the man beside me muttered—in wonder why I stood. "Which way? Or they will be before us yet?"

I tried to think, to reason it out; to consider where the hut would be; while the wind sighed through the oaks, and here and there I could hear an acorn fall. But the thing pressed too close on me; my thoughts would not be hurried, and at last I said at a venture, "Up the hill! Straight up from the stack!"

He did not demur, and we plunged at the ascent, knee-deep in bracken and furze, sweating at every pore with our

exertions, and hearing the troop come every moment nearer on the road below. Doubtless they knew exactly whither to go! Forced to stop and take breath when we had scrambled up fifty yards or so, I saw their lanterns shining like moving glow-worms, and could even hear the clink of steel. For all I could tell, the hut might be down there, and we be moving from it! But it was too late to go back now—they were close to the fern-stack; and in despair I turned to the hill again. A dozen steps and I stumbled. I rose and plunged on again; again stumbled. Then I found that I was treading level earth. And—was it water I saw before me, below me? or some mirage of the sky?

Neither; and I gripped my fellow's arm, as he came abreast of me, and stopped him sharply. Below us in the middle of a steep hollow, a pit in the hill-side, a light shone out through some aperture and quivered on the mist, like the pale lamp of a moorland hobgoblin. It made itself visible, displaying nothing else; a wisp of light in the bottom of a black bowl.

Yet my spirits rose with a great bound at sight of it; for I knew that I had stumbled on the place I sought. In the common run of things I should have weighed my next step carefully, and gone about it slowly. But there was no place for thought, nor room for delay; and I slid down the side of the hollow, and the moment my feet touched the bottom sprang to the door of the little hut, whence the light issued. A stone turned under my feet in my rush, and I fell on my knees on the threshold; but the fall only brought my face to a level with the face of the man who lay inside on a bed of fern. He had been reading. Startled by the sound I made he dropped his book, and stretched out his hand for a weapon. But the muzzle of my pistol covered him, he was not in a posture from which he could spring, and at a sharp word from me he dropped his hand; the tigerish glare which flickered for an instant in his eyes gave place to a languid smile; and he shrugged his shoulders. "*Eh bien!*" he said with marvellous composure. "Taken at last! Well, I was tired of it."

"You are my prisoner, M. de Cocheforêt," I answered. "Move a hand and I kill you. But you have still a choice."

"Truly?" he said, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes. My orders are to take you to Paris alive or dead. Give me your parole that you will make no attempt to escape, and you shall go thither at your ease and as a gentleman. Refuse, and I shall disarm and bind you, and you go as a prisoner."

"What force have you?" he asked curiously. He still lay on his elbow, his cloak covering him, the little Marot in which he had been reading close to his hand. But his quick black eyes, which looked the keener for the pallor and thinness of his face, roved ceaselessly over me, probed the darkness behind me, took note of everything.

"Enough to compel you, Monsieur," I replied sternly; "but that is not all. There are thirty dragoons coming up the hill to secure you, and they will make you no such offer. Surrender to me before they come, and give me your parole, and I will do all for your comfort. Delay, and you must fall into their hands. There can be no escape."

"You will take my word?" he said slowly.

"Give it, and you may keep your pistols, M. de Cocheforêt."

"Tell me at least that you are not alone."

"I am not alone."

"Then I give it," he said with a sigh. "And for Heaven's sake get me something to eat and a bed. I am tired of this pig-sty. *Armidieu!* it is a fortnight since I slept between sheets!"

"You shall sleep to-night in your own house, if you please," I answered hurriedly. "But here they come! Be good enough to stay where you are a moment, and I will meet them."

I stepped out into the darkness, just as the lieutenant, after posting his men round the hollow, slid down with a couple of sergeants to make the arrest. The place round the open door was pitch-dark. He had not espied my man, who had lodged himself in the deepest shadow of the hut, and when he saw me come out across the light he took me for Cocheforêt. In a twinkling he thrust a pistol into my face, and cried triumphantly: "You are my prisoner!" while one of the sergeants raised a lantern and threw its light into my eyes.

"What folly is this?" I said savagely.

The lieutenant's jaw fell, and he stood for a moment paralysed with astonishment. Less than an hour before he had left me at the Château. Thence he had come hither with the briefest delay; yet he found me here before him! He swore fearfully, his face black, his mustachios stiff with rage. "What is this? What is it?" he cried. "Where is the man?"

"What man?" I said.

"This Cocheforêt!" he roared, carried away by his passion. "Don't lie to me! He is here, and I will have him!"

"You are too late!" I said, watching him heedfully. "M. de Cocheforêt is here, but he has already surrendered to me, and is my prisoner."

"Your prisoner?"

"Certainly!" I answered, facing the man with all the harshness I could muster. "I have arrested him by virtue of the Cardinal's commission granted to me. And by virtue of the same I shall keep him!"

"You will keep him?"

"I shall!"

He stared at me for a moment, utterly aghast; the picture of defeat. Then on a sudden I saw his face lighten.

"It is a d—d ruse!" he shouted, brandishing his pistol like a madman. "It is a cheat and a fraud! By God! you have no commission! I see through it! I see it all! You have come here and you have hounded us! You are of their side, and this is your last shift to save him!"

"What folly is this?" I cried.

"No folly at all!" he answered, perfect conviction in his tone. "You have played upon us! You have fooled us!"

But I see through it now! An hour ago I exposed you to that fine Madame at the house there, and I thought it a marvel that she did not believe me. I thought it a marvel that she did not see through you, when you stood there before her, confounded, tongue-tied, a rogue convicted! But I understand now. She knew you! She was in the plot, and you were in the plot, and I, who thought that I was opening her eyes, was the only one fooled! But it is my turn now. You have played a bold part and a clever one," he continued, a sinister light in his little eyes, "and I congratulate you! But it is at an end now, Monsieur! You took us in finely with your talk of Monseigneur, and his commission and your commission, and the rest. But I am not to be blinded any longer—or bullied! You have arrested him have you? You have arrested him! Well, by G—, I shall arrest him, and I shall arrest you too!"

"You are mad!" I said, staggered as much by this new view of the matter as by his perfect certainty. "Mad, lieutenant!"

"I was!" he snarled. "But I am sane now. I was mad when you imposed upon us, when you persuaded me to think that you were fooling the women to get the secret out of them, while all the time you were sheltering them, protecting them, aiding them, and hiding him—then I was mad! But not now. However, I ask your pardon. I thought you the cleverest sneak and the dirtiest hound Heaven ever made! I find you were cleverer than I thought, and an honest traitor. Your pardon."

One of the men who stood about the rim of the bowl above us, laughed. I looked at the lieutenant and could willingly have killed him. "*Mon Dieu!*" I said, so furious in my turn that I could scarcely speak. "Do you say that I am an impostor, that I do not hold the Cardinal's commission?"

"I do say that!" he answered coolly.

"And that I belong to the rebel party?"

"I do," he replied in the same tone. "In fact," with a grin, "I say that you are an honest man on the wrong side, M. de Berault. And you say that you are a scoundrel on the right. The advantage, however, is with me, and I shall back my opinion by arresting you."

A ripple of coarse laughter ran round the hollow. The sergeant who held the lantern grinned, and a trooper at a distance called out of the darkness "*A bon chat, bon rat!*" This brought a fresh burst of laughter, while I stood speechless, confounded by the stubbornness, the crassness, the insolence of the man. "You fool!" I cried at last, "you fool!" And then M. de Cocheforêt, who had come out of the hut and taken his stand at my elbow, interrupted me.

"Pardon me one moment," he said airily, looking at the lieutenant with raised eyebrows and pointing to me with his thumb, "but I am puzzled between you. This gentleman's name? Is it de Berault or de Barthe?"

"I am M. de Berault," I said brusquely, answering for myself.

"Of Paris?"

"Yes, Monsieur, of Paris."

"You are not, then, the gentleman who has been honouring my poor house with his presence?"

"Oh, yes!" the lieutenant struck in grinning, "he is that gentleman too!"

"But I thought—I understood that that was M. de Barthe!"

"I am M. de Barthe also," I retorted impatiently. "What of that, Monsieur? It was my mother's name. I took it when I came down here."

"To—cr—to arrest me, may I ask?"

"Yes," I said doggedly, "to arrest you. What of that?"

"Nothing," he replied slowly and with a steady look at me—a look I could not meet. "Except that, had I known this before, M. de Berault, I should have thought longer before I surrendered to you."

The lieutenant laughed and I felt my cheek burn; but I affected to see nothing, and turned to him again. "Now, Monsieur," I said, "are you satisfied?"

"No," he answered, "I am not! You may have rehearsed this pretty scene a dozen times. The word, it seems to me, is Quick march, back to quarters."

"Umph!" he ejaculated, with an ugly look at me. "I see." And he read it—

By these presents I command and empower Gil de Berault, sieur de Berault, to seek for, hold, arrest, and deliver to the Governor of the Bastille the body of Henri de Cocheforêt, and to do all such acts and things as shall be necessary to effect such arrest and delivery, for which these shall be his warrant.

(Signed) RICHELIEU, Lieut.-Gen.

When he had done—he read the signature with a peculiar intonation—someone said softly "*Vive le Roi!*" and there was a moment's silence. The sergeant lowered his lantern. "Is it enough?" I said hoarsely, glaring from face to face.

The lieutenant bowed stiffly.

"For me?" he said. "Quite, Monsieur. I beg your pardon again. I find that my first impressions were the correct ones. Sergeant! give the gentleman his paper!"

And, turning his shoulder rudely, he tossed the commission to the sergeant, who gave it to me, grinning.

I knew the clown would not fight, and he had his men round him; and I had no choice but to swallow the insult. As I put the paper in my breast, with as much indifference as I could assume, he gave a sharp order. The troopers began to form on the edge above; the men who had descended to climb the bank again. As the group behind him began to open and melt away, I caught sight of a white robe in the middle of it. The next moment, appearing with a suddenness which was like a blow on the cheek to me, Mademoiselle de Cocheforêt glided forward towards me. She had a hood on her head drawn low; and for a moment I could not see her face. I forgot her brother's presence at my elbow, I forgot other things, and, from habit and impulse rather than calculation, I took a step forward to meet her, though my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and I was dumb and trembling.

But she recoiled—with such a look of white hate, of staring, frozen-eyed abhorrence, that I stepped back as if she had indeed struck me. It did not need the words which accompanied the look—the "*Do not touch me!*" which she lisped at me as she drew her skirts together—to drive me to the farther edge of the

hollow; where I stood with clenched teeth and nails driven into the flesh, while she hung, sobbing tearless robs, on her brother's neck.

(To be continued.)



The lieutenant cried triumphantly, "You are my prisoner!"

At last I found myself driven to play my last card, much against my will. "Not so," I said. "I have my commission."

"Produce it!" he replied incredulously.

"Do you think that I carry it with me?" I said in scorn. "Do you think that when I came here, alone and not with fifty dragoons at my back, I carried the Cardinal's seal in my pocket for the first lackey to find. But you shall have it. Where is that knave of mine?"

The words were scarcely out of my mouth before a ready hand thrust a paper into my fingers. I opened it slowly, glanced at it, and amid a pause of surprise gave it to the lieutenant. He looked for a moment confounded. Still, with a last instinct of suspicion, he bade the sergeant hold up the lantern; and by its light he proceeded to spell through the document.

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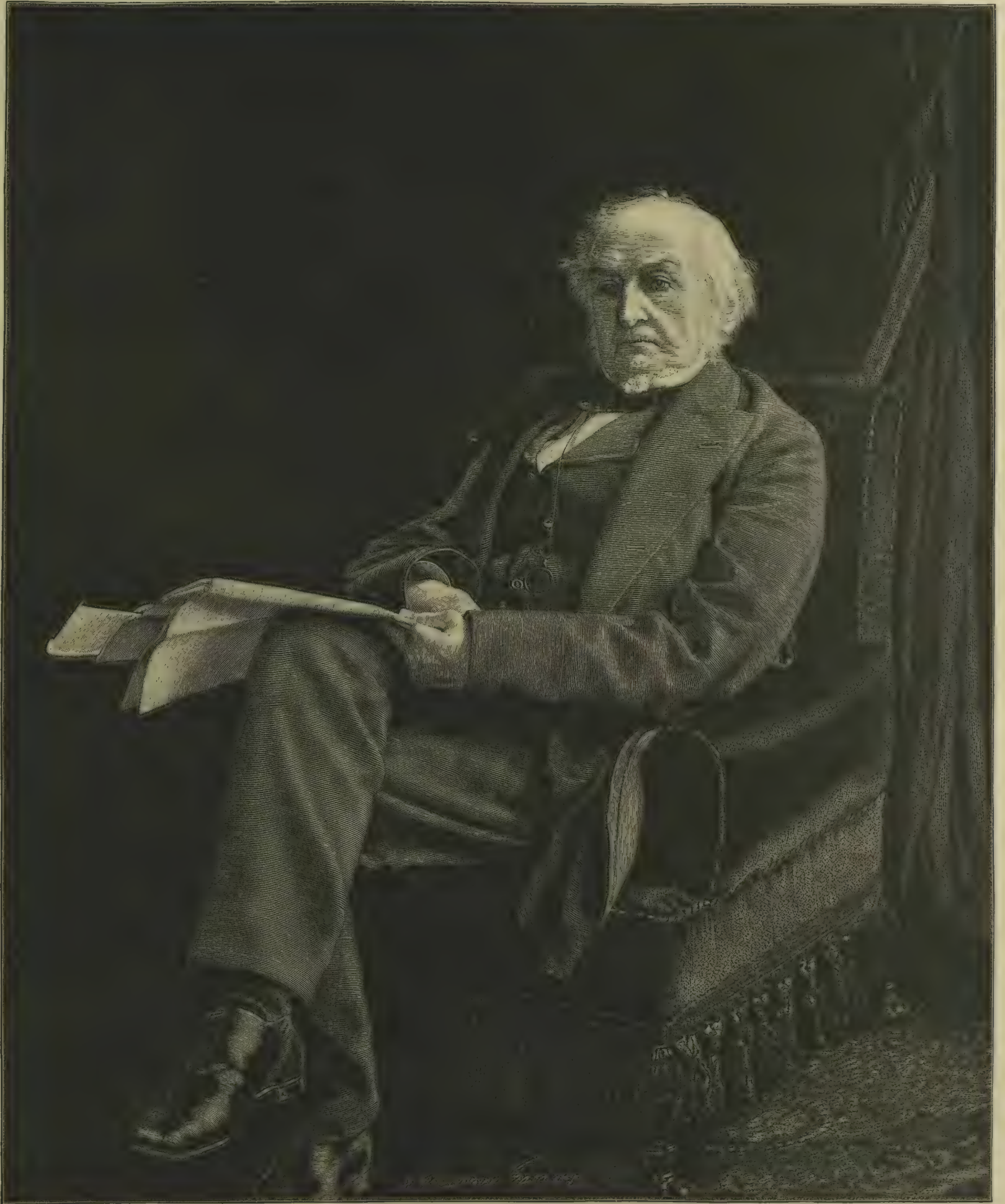
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NORWEGIAN "SKI" OR SNOW-SHOE RACING NEAR CHRISTIANIA.

See Page 294.



Photographed specially by Mr. J. Russell.

Engraved by W. Discombe Gardner.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., IN HIS ROOM AT DOWNING STREET

FOUR TIMES PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: 1868, 1880, 1886, 1892.

BORN DECEMBER 29, 1809, ENTERED PARLIAMENT AS MEMBER FOR NEWARK IN 1839

AN APOLOGY FOR M. ZOLA.

BY ANDREW LANG.

M. Zola's novels are not much read, I suppose, by persons of letters. He is the E. P. Roe of the advanced and of persons who wish to be thought advanced; and dirty little boys, no doubt, find much matter in him. Not that M. Zola is without fine qualities. His very industry is fine: we may or may not admire the Eiffel Tower, but we admit that a great deal of energy has gone to building that monument. Then it is pleasant to see a man take himself so seriously as M. Zola does. A man so laborious and so totally destitute of humour is certain to succeed. He has, or he had, touches of romance, and these, I presume, were supplied by his unconscious self, for they were quite opposed to all his conscious and, so to say, reasoned ideas about his art. He has an almost Miltonic feeling for bigness, and is not ignorant of the *lachrymærum*. Without his native affection for what doth something smack, he never could have been so colossally popular. The great public nosed him out at once; and his chief defect in taste, among many defects, has been of more service to him than his nobler qualities. He is a great incongruous brute force, and though the *raffiné* may hugely prefer M. Anatole France (especially in his essays on literature and history), still, M. Zola has a dozen rights to his popularity. Every country has the E. P. Roe it deserves, and France has M. Zola. Considered as an E. P. Roe, he does her credit. Compare M. Zola with the American representative of the generally admired!

These tolerant, if not fulsome, sentiments are inspired by Mr. Moore's article on M. Zola in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Mr. Moore went to see M. Zola, long ago, on the banks of Oise, a stream which has so many memories sacred to admirers of French heroism. The siege of Compiègne is a much more grateful theme than M. Zola's house and furniture. The great man was very friendly, and was going to write a preface for a novel by Mr. Moore. But that author wrote something about naturalism, and M. Zola, with that seriousness which he brings into even the most trivial matters, took these criticisms with a bovine solemnity. He went through them as a conscientious tutor goes through a piece of Greek prose. He was not angry, only hurt, and he would not write the preface. This calamity was a thing to be endured in silence—perhaps in tears. "There were tears" in Mr. Moore's fine eyes, he would have us believe, but where is the silence? He turns and rends M. Zola: deriding the tower which that amiable man has erected, and mocking at his taste in furniture and decorations. M. Zola seems to have built himself a stately pleasure-house, a kind of uninteresting Abbotsford. Successful novelists and other manufacturers will do this kind of thing: it seems to be a sort of curse of Atê. It is so facile not to build a big house, and a new tower is not an exhilarating monument. However, having eaten of the salt of the builder, are we to disparage the tower, are we to deride the arm-chairs which have offered us the hospitality of their embrace? M. Zola seems to keep a kind of open house to interviewers. His ferocity has been mollified, no doubt, by having learned ingenuous arts.

Why should Mr. Moore be angry with M. Zola for confessing that he meant to write a novel in seven months? A very much greater man wrote a very much more enduring novel than any of M. Zola's, and I think he did two volumes in three weeks. Count Tolstoi needed six years to write "Anna Karénine": two-thirds of "Waverley" were written in a few summer evenings in Castle Street. Let every man do his own work in his own way. It takes about six years to read "Anna Karénine," and, for human pleasure, I would liefer read Anna Comnena. Flaubert took eight or nine years to write "L'Education Sentimentale." Humanity has not yet succeeded in reading it at all. All this talk of time expended is beside the mark. Some men write fast and well; some men write slow, and, oh, so wearily! If easy writing makes difficult reading, some difficult writing makes impossible reading. M. Zola, it is true, does encroach on the newspaper. A novel on Lourdes sounds like a catch-penny affair. But then M. Zola solemnly believes, with all his delicious lack of humour and deficient education, that a topic of physiological and psychological interest can be settled, for good, by him in a novel. This, of course, is childish, but he really believes it; and a public which likes discussion out of place, and is enamoured of the Dull, backs him by its votes and francs. He cannot be wiser than his nature and his education and his public. He never was built that way. But it is useless and superfluous to be cross with M. Zola. He has done a very great deal of work, some pages of him may survive; he is what nature and circumstances and "that great Beast, the multitude," have made him.

Most of us who scribble have had better chances, to speak trivially, of knowing what is what than M. Zola ever enjoyed. Few of us have been tempted by the great Beast, few of us have been adulated by Milor Maire. Indeed, that particular intoxicant, the admiration of a City man, might not mount in heady fumes to our brains. But suppose any one of us had not been endowed by nature with a sense of the absurdity of things; suppose that education had not protected us by the examples of what is noble and old and pure and of good repute; suppose (most impossible of imaginations) that we had made a great deal of money—might we not sin like M. Zola, and

write novels no better than his? He likes to be translated into Thibetan or Quichua. Who would not be sensible of this rather unremunerative compliment?

Upon my word, I like M. Zola! I like his healthy human belief in himself and his tales. With a fond admiration I contemplate his tower, his furniture, his interviewers, his lusty confidence that he is a man of genius and has ideas. It is all part of the great *Maya*, or illusion in which we live and have our being. If ever he asks me to luncheon, I certainly shall publish no disparaging remarks on his old oak. In an age of scepticism it is agreeable to find such powers of belief as M. Zola lavishes on his old oak, his "art," his popular novels. He is a benign encouraging spectacle; he has such lots of human nature in his constitution.

GREAT SKI (SNOW-SHOE) COMPETITION.

The Norwegian Derby is over—the great event of the Scandinavian sporting world is past. After an unusually mild winter, the snow fell heavily as February advanced, and by Sunday several feet covered the mountain sides. A considerable depth of snow is imperative for the competitions, as without it the men might easily kill themselves. The first day was, as usual, for distance and speed, and about one hundred competitors, sent from all parts of the country to represent their respective clubs, assembled at Peiserstuen, near Christiania. Every year the excitement seems to increase over the ski races, and the clamour for tickets for the University and Club Stands becomes more keen. On one of these much-sought-for cards of admission was printed, "Adgangs Tegn for Damer til Medlemmernes Platform," and on the reverse side, "Proemie Skirend paa Holmenkollen," neither of which lines is very difficult to translate from the Norwegian original.

The competitions were on Sunday and Monday; and, as Sunday is almost as much a holiday, after early service, in the Norwegian Lutheran as it is in the Roman Catholic Church, everyone who possibly can walks, sledges, or climbs in ski to Holmenkollen to participate in the pleasures of their national sport. The day is looked forward to with great rejoicing, and large parties are arranged weeks beforehand to witness this unique competition.

The racing ground is a convenient distance from the town—seven miles, perhaps—and as the hill above the lake rises very perpendicularly it forms a favourable incline for the skilöbners, and the frozen water itself a suitable ground for the erection of platforms for the accommodation of the spectators. These platforms, which make a large horse-shoe on the lake, accommodate many thousand spectators, and yet there are many thousands more who never get seats at all, and are quite content to stand for hours admiring the skill and dexterity of their fellow-countrymen. Outside the platforms the sledges are ranged, the little spidssløde of the peasant, the large double bredsløde of the richer folk, and the box-like wooden arrangement on runners of the grocer or butcher, wherein he conveys the whole family to Holmenkollen in the same holiday spirit that our coster takes his 'Arriet and babes to the Derby. There they are, sledges of every form and size standing in rows. Mingling with this collection of onlookers are the ski folk, who have ascended the hill on their great long snow-shoes, which they now discard on the frozen water, for they have no bite on ice, and stick up palisade-fashion in the mounds of snow left for the purpose. Those ski all look exactly alike to the uninitiated, and yet each owner will pick out his shoes from a row containing hundreds, with as much precision as a mother will extricate her infant in a hospital ward for children or a crèche. The grain of the wood, the bend of the toe, the thickness of the foot-fastenings are each recognisable to the owner.

The snow was not particularly good, because of the extraordinary mildness of the winter. What a contrast to the preceding one, which was the longest and coldest remembered in Norway for half a century!

Everyone was on the tiptoe of excitement, for the hour was at hand, and the starter was standing ready with his red flag on the crest of the hill, opposite the royal stand, placed a little up the slope, so that their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and his two sons might see the "take off" for the jump. At the appointed time, shortly after one o'clock, the red flag was waved, and we knew this was the signal for the start. All faces were turned in the direction of the hill, and just on the summit we could clearly define the manly form of the first competitor standing out against a perfectly blue cloudless sky. In a second he was off on his mad career, the pace as he descended the hill towards us becoming faster and faster as he neared the little platform erected for the jump. Almost before one had time to realise the fact, he was on the dais, and, doubling himself up, took a gigantic spring. For a moment he poised in mid-air, keeping his balance by the windmill-like movement of his arms, and we felt he must kill himself in such a wild and hazardous jump; but not a bit of it. He actually landed some seventy feet below, upstanding on his snow-shoes, and away he continued to speed to the bottom of the hill! On paper it does not appear possible, neither did it in reality, and we sat and gazed at what seemed an utterly foolhardy impossibility, safely accomplished. What daring, what skill, what wondrous pluck such a jump required, under any circumstances! But how much more so with two wooden planks about eight feet long securely tied to the feet!

There were two classes of prizes: the first were for the best long-distance race, the others were for jumping. Jonas Holmen won the distance race, starting from Peiserstuen, when he accomplished about fourteen English miles up and down the side of a mountain, over every kind of obstacle, in one hour and thirty-five minutes, quickly followed by several other competitors. The longest jump, over twenty-four metres, or about eighty feet, was done by Ame Ustvedt; but the best average jump (three trials), for which the King's purse is given, was gained by Hans Johansen. Such performances require enormous skill, coupled with pluck and physical strength, and are very bewildering to a stranger, who can only admire and marvel.

These ski—which, by the way, are pronounced "she," a word which always sounds strange when one hears, "He is a very good she (ski) man"—are not only used for sport, but are absolutely necessary every winter in Norway. In the mountainous districts the peasants would be completely snowed up were it not for their ski, which they stand up in rows outside their front doors, and are obliged to slip on even to get as far as the shed to milk the cow! No one can walk over three, five, or even seven feet of snow without them, so that they become a real necessity to existence.

We found them most unwieldy and inconvenient at first, but with practice managed to get about on them somehow—not with the grace or speed of Dr. Nansen and his pretty wife, but still enough to enable us to see something of the country in winter, when it is at its best. Then one enjoys perfect sunny weather with the thermometer somewhere near zero (Fahr.), a cold that would be fearful if there were a wind, which luckily in Norway is seldom the case. Knowing something of the difficulties of "skilöbing" in a mild way, we could the more thoroughly appreciate the skill of the competitors at Christiania, and were simply amazed at their successful daring. Of course some of them fell—fell over and over, dejected masses, into the snow; but out of a hundred competitors, more than half of them landed upstanding; another twenty, perhaps, after some little struggling, regained their footing; and only about thirty failed in their attempt, for it is not only the jump that counts, but the righting themselves afterwards. The average jumps were over 60 ft.—actually the average jumps of one hundred men—and even then the average was somewhat lower than last year.

Nearly every country claims its own particular form of sport, and undoubtedly the skirend must not be omitted from the first rank. E. B. T.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The death of Bishop Harper, which took place at Christ Church, New Zealand, at the close of the year, is much lamented. He held the Primacy of the colony for nearly twenty-one years, having succeeded Bishop Selwyn in 1869, and having resigned the office in 1889. Bishop Harper, who was within a fortnight of his ninetieth year, was beloved for his great charity and geniality. He was an able and faithful bishop of the Church of England.

The Church papers generally condemn the action of the Liberal Unionists in connection with the Parish Councils Bill. They admit, however, that something like the Bill was imperatively called for, and urge that the clergy should make the best of it and show that the sloth, the stagnation, and muddle of present things have not been caused by the Church.

The Church of England raised last year for elementary education no less a sum than £923,304. This shows a very great and self-denying interest in the schools. The four dioceses of Wales contributed for Church work over £90,000.

If the Dean of Llandaff resigns, as it is feared he will, the Mastership of the Temple, it will be difficult indeed to fill his place. The Dean's sermons have been followed with unabated interest by the very critical audience which assembles in the Temple Church. Perhaps no preacher of the day has retained his popularity so long, alike with hearers and readers. There is still a brisk demand for his early sermons, and his new books have invariably a large circulation.

Great things are expected of Mr. Ponsonby's successor at St. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square, N.W. The new Incumbent, the Rev. H. W. Hitchcock, was formerly Vicar of St. John's, Torquay; he has recently been preaching in London.

Mr. A. C. Benson has contributed to a Church magazine an account of his father's habits. They show that the archbishopric of Canterbury is no sinecure; but probably, like his predecessor, Archbishop Benson would admit there are compensations. It seems that the Archbishop has been engaged in writing a book for nearly thirty years. This is, I suppose, the patristic volume announced so long ago by Messrs. Macmillan.

The *Bookman* gives an account of the one sermon published by Mr. J. A. Froude in his clerical days. It was a funeral discourse in commemoration of a Torquay clergyman. A copy is preserved in the British Museum.

Arrangements are being made for a Free Church Congress to be held at Leeds this month, the main object of which appears to be to promote a better understanding among the Nonconformist Churches.

Miss C. M. Yonge writes to the *Guardian* complaining of someone who described Mr. Keble's wife as "stout, loud, imperious, bullying him and everyone else near her." Miss Yonge says: "Mrs. Keble was a particularly slender, delicate person, extremely refined and graceful; and the idea of her being loud and imperious, or showing anything but the most gentle, quiet courtesy to everyone, coupled with reverence to her husband, is absolutely ludicrous to everyone who knew them." V.

JOHNSON'S HOUSES.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Finding him this evening in a very good humour," writes Boswell of Johnson, one Sunday in 1779, when, after dining at Strahan's, they went home to No. 8, Bolt Court, and "had a long, quiet conversation," "I prevailed on him to give me an exact list of his places of residence since he entered the metropolis as an author, which I subjoin in a note." This note, which must certainly be regarded as derived from the best authority, gives a list of seventeen houses, sixteen being situated in London itself and one at Greenwich. Of the sixteen, two were in the Strand, two others off the Strand, in Exeter Street and Bow Street, two in Holborn, and the rest in Woodstock Street, Castle Street, Boswell Court, Fetter Lane, Staple Inn, Gray's Inn, Inner Temple Lane, Johnson's Court, Bolt Court above mentioned, and Gough Square. The last three of these lie, or rather lay, almost together about halfway up Fleet Street on the left-hand side going towards Ludgate Hill. The Bolt Court house was at the top of the little court bearing that name, on the left hand; and it occupied a site now covered almost exactly by the school and school-house of the Stationers' Company. This, again, was erected, not in the place of Johnson's old house, but upon the ruins of a house which Bensley, the printer, the successor of Johnson's old landlord, Allen, had previously built when in 1819 the original No. 8, Bolt Court was burned down. In No. 8, Bolt Court, which, although the latter-day visitor may fail to realise the fact, once had a garden and a grape vine at the back, Johnson lived from 1776 to 1784, when he died (on Dec. 13, at about seven o'clock in the evening) in the back room of its first floor. To this house he had moved from No. 7, Johnson's Court, hard by, which leads from Gough Square into Fleet Street, and which, it may be added, is not named after him any more than Boswell or Bosville Court is named after his biographer. The coincidence of the name, however, enabled the Doctor to describe himself humorously when in Scotland as "Johnson of that ilk." At Johnson's Court he had a well-lighted and airy upper room, which served as the asylum for that "ragged regiment" which he styled his library, while "a silver standish, and some useful plate [says pompous Sir John Hawkins], . . . together with furniture that would not have disgraced a better dwelling, banished those appearances of squalid indigence, which, in his less happy days, disgusted those [of the Hawkins persuasion] who came to see him."

No. 7, Johnson's Court, after existing until recently in a much neglected and dilapidated condition, is now said to be absorbed in Anderton's Hotel, and has, therefore, practically followed the fate of No. 8, Bolt Court. But you have only to issue from the northern end of Johnson's Court into the enclosure known as Gough Square, and you are face to face with a still existent building (admirably figured in Mr. Herbert Railton's drawing), which occupies its north-west side. In No. 17, Gough Square, now the business premises of a printer and stationer, Johnson lived from 1749 to 1759, ten of the busiest years of

his life. Here he published "Irene" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes"; here he wrote the "Rambler," the contributions to the "Adventurer," and part of the "Idler." From this house, too, he sent forth the proposals for his "Shakspeare" and his famous "Dictionary." It was while he was occupying this unassuming dwelling, with the Society of Arts tablet between the ground floor windows, that he penned the noble reply to Chesterfield which no self-respecting man-of-letters ever reads without a thrill of pleasure; it was while he was living here that he lost his wife, and his mother—the latter bereavement, he told a correspondent, "one of the few calamities on which he thought with terror." It was here, early in 1759, in order to meet that mother's

absolutely authentic relic of a great personality in English literature is to go the way of most of its predecessors, and be pulled down. Is it not possible to make some effort for its preservation? There is no chance here of that error which the American humorist described as "weeping over the wrong grave." The pedigree of the house is unimpeachable; its interest unique. Surely it would be the saddest of fates if it should now be ruthlessly "blotted from the things that be"!

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are finding plenty of opportunities in Canada of exercising their versatile powers. The other day we heard of his Excellency starting the first toboggan of the season, and now we hear of

his engineering the first motor on the electric street-railway of the Canadian capital. In so doing his Excellency is only reverting to his first love, for Mr. Stead, who has been visiting Rideau Hall, the vice-regal seat on the outskirts of Ottawa, tells us that it was the delight of Lord Aberdeen's boyhood to stand in front of the fire-box acting as fireman or starter, and occasionally drive the engine of a local railway. Indeed, if Mr. Stead is to be believed, nothing but the lack of a knowledge of the road and the signals stands in the way of the Governor-General taking a Canadian Pacific express right across the Continent from Montreal to Vancouver. In political affairs Lord Aberdeen has found opportunity of late to fulfil the first duty of both an engineer and a Governor-General by pouring in oil where the machinery creaked. The recent formation of what is called a Protestant Protective Association in Ontario was the signal for mutterings of racial and religious uneasiness in French Canada. By wise moderating counsels in Toronto and cordial personal support of the great Ice Carnival at Quebec, Lord Aberdeen has materially helped to soften such asperities.

At the request of the Master and Fellows of Balliol College, Oxford, Mr. Evelyn Abbott, one of the Fellows, has undertaken to compile the biography of the late Professor Jowett, with the assistance of Lord Bowen and the Rev. Professor Lewis Campbell.

A party of Russian officers, according to annual custom, on Feb. 27 dined together at St. Petersburg to

celebrate the defence of Sebastopol, thirty-nine years ago. The Grand Duke Michael, who was in the chair, sent a telegram to Marshal Canrobert, who commanded the French army at Sebastopol, expressing friendly esteem, to which Marshal Canrobert sent a cordial reply on behalf of the military and naval services of France, with sincere good wishes for Russia.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that on and from Monday, March 19 next, the day special express service by the Newhaven and Dieppe route, London to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, leaving London for Paris 9 a.m. every weekday and Sunday, will be accelerated to arrive in Paris 6.30 p.m., and the similar day special express service leaving Paris for London 9 a.m. every weekday and Sunday morning will leave at 9.30 a.m. and be accelerated to arrive in London the same time as at present, 7 p.m.



DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, THREATENED WITH DESTRUCTION.

modest debts and to pay the expenses of her funeral, that he composed his "Rasselas." Up the tortuous and oak-balustraded staircase, which the artist has depicted, must have passed, not only what Mrs. Barbauld called the "ponderous mass" of his own form, but the figures of many of the personages who live for ever in Boswell's "Life." Boswell himself he did not yet know; but hither, no doubt, came Burney and Bathurst, Roubillac and Reynolds, and Garrick and Hawkesworth and Joseph Warton. It was in this house that he waited for that promptly despatched loan from Richardson which was to relieve him from the obnoxious "shoulder-dabbers"; and in the garret which forms its topmost storey Peyton and his five Scotch companions toiled ceaselessly in transcribing the extracts and illustrative passages for their employer's *magnum opus*. These are but a few of the memories which cluster around 17, Gough Square.

There is a rumour afloat that this time-honoured and



THE DESTRUCTION OF BULUWAYO: BURNT ON NOV. 3 BY ORDER OF KING LO BENGULA.

From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness, Mr. C. J. Allen, a Member of the Expeditionary Force.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH IN ENGLAND.

A LITTLE CHAT ON SOME BIG TOPICS.

Professor Goldwin Smith is a familiar figure in four countries—Oxford, which is one country; London, which is another; Canada, and the United States. The columns of the *Times* might even, without too erratic a piece of imagination, be classed as a fifth. The last time I saw him was in his home in Toronto, the oldest brick house, with one exception, in the city—one of the few residences on the American continent which corresponds to the idea of the English home. The very name of it, "The Grange," corresponds to nothing Transatlantic, and when the door closes behind you, you have crossed the ocean. He has just passed his seventieth birthday, but it is no compliment to say that he does not look a day older than he did more than six years ago: his eye is as bright; his high and delicate brow is no more furrowed; his movements, when he rises from his chair and paces the room at some difficult question, are as nervous as ever; and as all readers of the *Times* know, his pen has lost none of the polished scholarship and almost infuriating sharpness which cling irremovably to old *Saturday Reviewers* like Lord Salisbury and himself.

Professor Goldwin Smith is more interested in politics than anything else, and he is constantly engaged in comparing the politics of three countries. He has been in England since last October, and the opportunity of learning the impressions of his latest visit and the views he holds about the march of affairs on the American continent was too good to be lost. I began, of course, with Canada.

"Is the Dominion," I asked, "any nearer to political amalgamation with the Republic?"

"I hold, as you know," he replied, "that the abolition of the fiscal line which separates Canada from the United States is essential to the prosperity of the former. As President of the Commercial Union Club, my object was, leaving political questions aside, to secure free access for Canadian products to the American market; but the action of the Conservative Government, resting, as it did, on the protected manufacturers, put that out of the question. Thereupon men's minds turned naturally to political union. I cannot doubt that there was a strong movement, at any rate in the border counties, in this direction, but the Wilson Bill has held out hopes again that the tariff will be lowered."

"Do you think that after commercial union will come political union?"

"Yes, because there is nothing dividing the two countries but the political and fiscal line. Remember that there are a million Canadians south of the border. For a Canadian boy to go to Chicago is as natural as for a Scotch boy to come to push his fortunes in London. The periodical literature, the churches, and the benevolent and scientific institutions are identical. The great forces acting for complete union may be acting fitfully, and great forces are sometimes suspended by temporary forces, but they are pretty sure to prevail in the end. Nobody is eager for the change—nobody wants to hasten it. When it comes it must come with perfect spontaneity."

"Do you think it can come as the union of the Anglo-Saxon race?"

"I think it would have the effect (apart from the Irish influence in America) of terminating the disagreements between the two great branches of the British race. Just imagine, if Scotland were an outpost of the United States, what a constant source of disagreement it would be! And remember, too, that besides the other barriers there is a great ethnological barrier between the British Provinces in the presence of the French population. In case of war between England and France, the French in Canada would feel with France. I do not mean that they would actually fight, but their votes would prevent any Canadian aid being given. Sir Charles Tupper, it seems, has said that Canada will not contribute to an imperial army. The French will not allow it. You were obliged to converse in French with the Mayor of Montreal? Yes, and you may see the tricolour flying in East Quebec. England has done the Canadian French no wrong—she has been kind and indulgent to them; but they are French. The old Gallican French *curé*, who was opposed to the principles of the Revolution, is a figure of the past; his

place has been taken by the Jesuit, who is more anxious to play a great game in the great field."

"What is the feeling of the United States on this question?"

"There is no disposition towards aggression. They regard the acquisition of Canada as a part of their 'manifest destiny,' and they are content to wait till it

worst that could have been chosen for inaugurating a series of disputes about fiscal reform."

"What about the Populist movement?"

"I regard it as merely a vague expression of agrarian discontent, and chiefly important because the Populist waverers may, with the help of the two New York Senators, upset the democratic majority."

"To leave politics and come to literature, do you agree with the assertion that literature is rapidly ceasing to be an American product?"

"I see no reason to say so. The fact is there is a halt in literature everywhere. In England there are no successors to the great poets and the great novelists. There is good work being done by the historians, but that belongs rather to science. It is the hour of science everywhere. As for journalism, I think it has been improving in America. You cannot have a great London daily there, because there is no London. Nothing in America can offer journalism the field of local importance that London does. After all that may be said against American journalism, it is still undoubtedly a power for good."

I asked Professor Goldwin Smith what had struck him most in England on his return to it after several years' absence.

"Of big things," he replied, "by far the most conspicuous is the decadence of the landed gentry. That is the striking fact, at the present moment, of modern English life. Formerly they were a great power in the land. Now they are impoverished. That is a very great change both politically and socially. In politics, of course, everybody must be struck by the advance of semi-Socialism. An old Liberal, like myself, finds quite a different set of principles attached to the name from those in which he was brought up. Then we wanted to restrict government to its necessary functions, and leave the rest to individual initiative and decision. Now the tendency is greatly to enlarge the sphere of government, and extend it even to private and domestic matters. It may be, of course, that they are right and I am wrong, but all I want is that if they are going to place all these matters in the hands of 'government,' they should tell us what their government is to be."

"Is there anything in the United States and Canada corresponding to this movement?"

"Comparatively little; the possession or the hope of property characterises every American. Communism is an imported article. You may remember the success of Cleveland's appeal to the country against the spirit of 'paternalism.' Independence and self-help are still the native American creed. Canada is chiefly a country of freehold farmers, and to try to light the flame of 'nationalisation' there would be like putting a match into the Hudson."

"Do you find England any different socially?"

"I find the dinner-hour later than ever," replied Professor Goldwin Smith with a laugh. "The love of pleasure has greatly increased in every direction. The torrent of novels for mental dissipation is one side of this; the enormous proportion of interest attaching to athletics is another. For my part, I attribute largely to the disintegration of old religious beliefs the general restlessness of the present age."

"It is an interesting age, however, because of all its problems," added Professor Goldwin Smith as I said good-bye, "though at my age I can hardly expect to see the solution of many of them." H. N.

The election of M. Brunetière, the Professor of French Literature at the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, to be a member of the French Academy, with the rejection of M. Zola, has excited great displeasure among the young students of the Sorbonne. They clamoured and interrupted his lecture on Bossuet, on Feb. 28, pelted him with papers, and mobbed him as he left the building.

The international steam-yacht race along the Italian Riviera, from Monaco to Genoa, a distance of seventy-five miles, took place on Feb. 27. Five yachts competed, and the race was won by M. Perigou's Fauvette, beating Mr. James Gordon Bennett's Namouna by five minutes; the time occupied in the race was four hours and fifty-six minutes.

It was announced at the half-yearly meeting of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, on Feb. 28, that her Majesty the Queen has promised to open the canal, by a formal ceremony, one day in June, passing by a steam-vessel from Warrington to Manchester, where the Queen will also perform, at the Townhall, the ceremony of opening the new Manchester Waterworks connected with Thirlmere.



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

comes. The old Anglophobia, except so far as it is kept up by the Irish, is extinct. Certainly there is no trace of it in the minds of the best Americans."

"Do you think we are at the end of the American financial crisis?"

"That was a storm in the stock-market, much more than anything that affected the vital sources of credit. American recovery is certain, because the sources of the prosperity



THE GRANGE, TORONTO, THE CANADIAN RESIDENCE OF PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

are all natural ones. One of the American difficulties of the future is likely to be the wheat competition of India. When the Indian labourer, with his small wages and his low standard of living, gives up using the kind of plough that used to puzzle us in the Georgics, the American farmer will meet his most dangerous rival. The recent crisis took an exaggerated form because the time of the panic was the

RECENT AFFAIRS IN MATABILILAND.

The main characteristics of the Matabili people are, more or less, those that a student of history would expect to find in a nation descended from the Zulu tribes.

Since the time when the rebellious Umziligaas settled in the country, his people have raided and plundered the original peace-loving inhabitants; they maintained their hereditary instincts by sending powerful impi north, west, and east to raid and slaughter. In the ordinary course they intermarried with the conquered natives, and from that cause, together with the fact that they never encountered any foemen, so to speak, worthy of their steel, and the generally demoralising influence inseparable from their history and position, they naturally began to degenerate. The result is, that though still fierce and warlike, they have become arrogant, treacherous, cruel, and blood-thirsty; the younger portion of the nation, who can boast of but little of the original Zulu blood, were very impatient of control, and the position of the Mashonaland settlers had become untenable.

I am glad to be able to correct here what I gather to be rather a widespread misapprehension in regard to the original commencement of hostilities. A raiding impi had assailed Mashona servants almost within the township of Victoria and under the eyes of the white women, and had used threats and bitter insolence to those of the settlers who

engagements, enter Buluwayo itself without firing a shot, and then pursue the great king with a mere handful of men—in the first instance 150 men, and in the second 160; right into the heart and fastnesses of his own country, is surely no mean work. To Dr. Jameson's tact and judgment, to Major Forbes's decision and promptitude, together with the help of Sir John Willoughby, Commandant Raaf, and Major Wilson, the result is to be attributed, no less than to the fact that the men were good horsemen.

We present herewith a rough plan of the battle of Shangani. Before daylight on the morning of Oct. 25 the first shot was fired at the old cattle kraal, which lay several hundred yards from the laager in the direction of the drift over the river. The alarm spread rapidly, and within it seemed, a second every man had snatched up his rifle, slipped his bandolier over his head, and scrambled, fully dressed, upon the wagon under which he had been sleeping. This was all done in the pitch darkness, but in perfect order; every man knew his place and got there quickly without questioning, and opened fire at once at the angry red spits of flame that flashed in an almost continuous ring round the small laager. For a moment a slight confusion was caused by the shouts "Look out for the pickets!" "Wait till the pickets come in!" but very soon the steady firing commenced again. The singing of the bullets about our ears soon grew continuous, and their

before they showed themselves, and in several instances our only course was to gallop for our lives. The country was rough, and the horses were not as fresh and fit as could be desired, and many were the narrow escapes that day.

Towards noon the Matabili drew farther away into the bush, and when it was ascertained that for some distance round the laager the country was quite clear, the march southwards was resumed. From this time the enemy were always hanging round our flanks and rear, and five days afterwards they made their second attack, and four days after that we formed our last laager in Buluwayo itself.

Beyond the initial cost of the horses the expenses of the war were light: the transport, commissariat, kit, ordnance, and ammunition were all in the country when hostilities commenced, thanks in a great measure to the stores brought in by the pioneers and police over three years ago.

I should like to point out the admirably arranged details of the expedition, minor details in themselves, but that as a whole did so much for the success of the campaign. While on the march, a troop was invariably detailed as an advance-guard; their duty was to extend—as a rule by half sections—so as to cover the whole front of the moving column; a similar disposition was made to guard the rear face, and each flank was protected in the same manner—that is, a whole troop was extended to cover the flank; on the right the leading section of the flanking party kept in



ROUGH PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF SHANGANI (SCALE ABOUT 300 YARDS TO THE INCH).

objected; and I have seen the statement advanced that unduly severe measures were taken to stop this, that an ultimatum impossible of fulfilment was given by the Administrator, and that thereupon thirty innocent Matabili were slaughtered. The facts are these: The Administrator ordered the induna of this impi to cross the border then mutually recognised as dividing Mashonaland from Matabililand, and upon the chief disclaiming the power to do so Dr. Jameson told him to take those of his men that would go away at once, and said that he would himself deal with the mutinous young "majaghas" should they refuse to obey.

At the end of the stipulated time a handful of mounted men rode slowly towards the border, found that the very great majority of the impi had started away, and that some of the "majaghas" who had refused to leave their camp three miles from the town had occupied a threatening position in the hills. A skirmish ensued, and the "majaghas" were driven out of the hills with a loss of thirty.

It was patent to the white inhabitants of Mashonaland, both those who supported the policy of the Chartered Company and those who did not, that the whole situation was impossible until this question was settled. Whatever a man's political feeling was, he understood that the only course open to him was to do his best to break the power of this savage nation.

The actual course of the war is by this time well known, and it is a record that Englishmen have good reason to be proud of. That a column of 670 men should enter Matabililand, march through the heart of the country from one end to the other, beat off the enemy at two decisive

sickening thuds as they clapped against the wagons and barricades did not afford a sense of security—at least in any marked degree.

For some time this continued, and the rifles soon got so hot that they became difficult to hold; gradually, however, the red flashes from the enemy's attack grew less, and the heavy hail of bullets into the laager slackened. The natives could not stand the fire from the white men's camp, and they withdrew slowly into the bush.

Slowly the grey dawn gathered strength and spread over the whole eastern sky, and as it was slowly changing to amber and the full day was growing, a more determined attack was made. From all sides the dark shadows came on, and the flashes from their guns had changed from red to yellow; our men were perfectly cool and seldom wasted a shot. Over all the thunder in the laager rose plainly the businesslike chatter of the Maxim and the vicious bark of the five-mouthed Gardner as they rained to the fierce Matabili a message they had never heard before.

The enemy withdrew slowly, and the attack slackened, and when the sun rose only a random shot or two dropped sullenly among the wagons. Before the laager could be broken and the march resumed, it was necessary to dislodge the enemy from the bush and rugged country which surrounded the camp. The open country was only a couple of miles ahead, and it was advisable to get there as soon as possible. This work was more exciting and dangerous than the attacks upon the laager. The enemy had a habit of allowing us to penetrate some distance into the bush

touch with the right hand section of the advance guard, and the same with the rearguard, and similarly on the left flank, so that there was presented a bird's-eye view of the slowly moving wagons, in double column, encircled by a complete ring of mounted men, while the distance of this circle from the main body was, in open country, from one and a half to two miles, and in thick bush from 500 yards to three quarters of a mile. Upon the laager halting, the guards and flankers remained in position until the vedettes had been sent out, and the outlying pickets took up their positions, whenever possible, before dark. A most excellent arrangement was arrived at with regard to the defence of the laager. This was that at every halting-place, when the horses had been picketed and fed, and everything completed, the men were fallen in, each troop upon its own face of the laager, and were detailed to the different wagons. As a rule, about eight men were told off to each wagon, and a non-commissioned officer was put in charge. It was the duty of these men, before they turned in for the night, to prepare their wagon for defence; that is, by piling the wagon's load upon the outermost rail, they formed a barricade from the inside of which they could fire; they also had to sleep, fully dressed, under the wagon, and in the morning, when route of march was formed, they broke this barricade and repacked the wagon. The result of this arrangement was that at any time in the twenty-four hours every man knew exactly his place, and in consequence when an alarm was raised each man got to his place very quickly, and without confusion or questioning.

R. T. CORYDON.

THE LATE INSURRECTION IN SICILY.



GENERAL MORRA INSPECTING THE ITALIAN TROOPS.



GENERAL MORRA THANKING HIS OFFICERS FOR THEIR SERVICES.

PICTURES AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY: BIG GAME OF AMERICA.



THE AMERICAN FALLS, NIAGARA.—BY THE LATE WASHINGTON FRIEND.
Lent by the Prince of Wales.



THE HORSESHOE FALLS, NIAGARA.—BY THE LATE WASHINGTON FRIEND.
Lent by the Prince of Wales.



A PRAIRIE FIRE.—BY BASIL BRADLEY.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A week or two ago I referred to the question, emanating from Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, "Do the sick ever sneeze?" Since the date of my remarks, I have come across a communication from a medical man who answers this question in a very decided fashion in the affirmative. He suffered from an attack of pleurisy, and when he tried to repress his cough, on account of the dread of the chest-pain, he was seized with a fit of sneezing—"and such sneezing!" he adds. A patient of this physician suffering from acute illness was also seized with a long and violent attack of sneezing in the presence of her medical attendant himself; but this lady said she enjoyed her sneezing, and added, "All our family sneeze so." Is this habit, then, to be ranked among our hereditary legacies? At any rate, as the physician whose case I have quoted remarks, it is certain that the sick may sneeze. Whether this is an unusual phenomenon of a sick-bed, is, of course, quite another thing.

Most of my readers, I doubt not, have read the curious observations of Sir John Lubbock upon ants and their ways, especially in the matter of communication between the members of an ant colony. I have been reading a most interesting account of what a Mr. James Weir saw in the course of a battle royal between two rival ant species, the observations in question hailing from the other side of the Atlantic. The two species were the *Lasius niger*, or blacks, and the *Lasius flavus*, or yellows. The latter ants were herding their cows, which are the aphides, or plant-lice, from which the ants obtain a sweet secretion, milking the aphides pretty much after the fashion of human dairymen. There was a whole army of the rival ants (*Lasius niger*) approaching the dwelling-place of the *flavus* tribe. Mr. Weir tells us the *nigers* were marching in battle array, with a skirmishing party in advance of the main body. When the blacks were about ten or twelve feet off the yellow encampment the scouts or pickets of the latter discovered the approach of the enemy. Home the pickets hurried to give the alarm, and instantly the yellow horde issued forth from its nest and ranged itself in battle array in front of the aphides, the possession of which seemed to be the cause of the blacks' attack. Then out went the yellow skirmishers to anticipate the fray, and in a few moments a battle royal was raging on all sides.

The attacking force outnumbered the defenders by about three to one. Mr. Weir gives the number of the blacks at 1500, and that of the defending yellow tribe at 500. The latter were the larger and stronger, but the blacks, or attacking party, were much more active and agile. The mode of attack was notable. The yellows went for their opponents with their big jaws. Each seized a black by the middle, as it were, and with one bite severed the body in two. The mode of attack on the part of the black soldiers was different. They imitated rather the tactics of light horsemen. The black seized its yellow opponent by one of the legs, and held on viciously and tenaciously, like some insect bull-dog. Thus hampered in its movements, the yellow ant would struggle fiercely, but a second black would mount on the disabled foe held by the legs, and then begin to bite through the back, probably getting at the nervous system, which lies on the floor of the body, and ultimately dividing the yellow victim through and through. Only when the yellow had given up the ghost, did the bull-dog black which had seized the feet let go its hold.

Mr. Weir gives other interesting details, not only of this deadly feud, but also of the manner in which the battle was waged. The blacks came in light marching order, and had no ambulance or commissariat department represented in their array. They evidently intended a rapid and effective sortie. It was different with the yellows. They were at home, and in the midst of their own domestic and other arrangements. Wounded or wearied yellows could be seen dropping to the rear, when the ambulance corps were seen to dress the wounds, licking the hurts with their tongues, and when fool was needed the weary warriors were fed from the mouths of the attendants. Then came messages for increased aid when the battle was raging fiercely, and reinforcements were needed. The stragglers from the nest of the yellows were summoned to come forth and take part in the defence of their home. The end of this desperate encounter was the defeat of the yellows. There was a complete slaughter of the gallant defenders, for every yellow was put to the sword. The blacks spared none, and as regards their own loss, they returned to their own place minus two-thirds of their number. The aphides, or cows, were duly carried off to grace the nest of the victors, some fifty feet away.

Such an account, although by no means novel, recalls to mind in a very graphic fashion the extraordinary resemblances which exist between ant society and human sociological arrangements. Evolution has not merely wrought out this wonderful display of instinct and intelligence, but it has made the intelligence of one species of ant vary from that exhibited by another species. There is no levelling down here, any more than we find that process to be represented in other grades of life. It is, on the contrary, a process of advance, or, at least, of change—constant and incessant change—sometimes bringing about higher ways of life, sometimes producing degradation, and at other times maintaining the *in statu quo* phase of matters. The knowledge of an ant's nest and its ways is possibly the best corrective to the notion that there is nothing worth studying in the world save ourselves.

The remarks I indited on the strictly relative nature of pain in lower animals and man have elicited a number of letters from readers of this column, mostly confirmatory of the views I expressed. It is surely a consoling thought that, if the pains of lower life are in no sense human pains, there must be less actual suffering in the world than is usually supposed to exist. At least, I think the proposition fairly defensible and reasonable that there is a vanishing point or zero as regards pain—a point where signs usually regarded as those of suffering are merely of reflex kind. The zero point, I should say, begins with the cold-blooded animals.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PERCY HIND.—There are duals in your problem which, though perhaps not fatal, detract from its merits. Would you care to try and overcome these before the position is published?

P H WILLIAMS (Hamstead).—There appears a mate in two moves by 1. R to K 7th, &c.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—Will you consider the effect of 1. Q to B 2nd?

J WESLEY (Exeter).—We have your problem in examination.

B M ALLEN.—Very good, and shall be inserted.

A G STUBBS.—Your problem shall appear.

L DESANGES.—Your last version is correct, and shall be inserted at an early date.

F M (Liscard).—The solution appears below.

R G M (Sutton).—1. Staunton's "Handbook"; 2. The *British Chess Magazine*; T. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds; and *Chess Monthly*: Horace Cox, Breains Buildings, Chancery Lane.

F H ROLLISON (Hampton Wick).—P takes B and becomes a Kt is perfectly legitimate; but the problem you send to us is all wrong. You give a W P at Q 5th, and a B K at K B 3rd, and then you say White plays P to Q 5th. Mate.

B. Fison.—Thanks. We trust this will prove sound.

Dr. F St (Camberwell).—Very pleased to have such good news.

W OXLEY (Southampton).—Your correction is duly noted, and the problem shall be examined.

J C WILLIAMS ELLIS.—1. Q to R 5th, and mate follows next move.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2399 received from T B Miller (Wilkes Barre), J Ross (Whitley), and James B Foote (Rome, N.Y.); of No. 2601 from J Bailey (Newark); of No. 2602 from C M A B, W Wadham (Swindon), J S Wesley (Exeter), Frank Hards (New Cross), J Bailey, Sergeant-Major E Hetchford (Penryn), J F Moon, W Oxley, H C Myers, Dr G Brown (Farnham), and G Rauch (Constantinople).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2603 received from Shadforth, H B Hurford, Henry Brandreth, Alpha, Frank H Rollison, J F Moon, Thomas Marshall, Dr Goldsmith (Worthing), L Beirlant (Bruges), Sorrento, J Coad, Admiral Brandreth, T G (Ware), E Loudon, Charles Burnett, T Shakespear (South Yardley), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), T Roberts, W Wright, W Miller, A J Habgood (Haslar), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), L Desanges, R H Brooks, W R Raillem, Edward Bygott (Sandbach), A H Looock, Alexander Cross, C M A B, T M Winterton, A Newman, E J Sharp, J T T (Frampton), and E Emmerton, E E H, W R B (Plymouth), J M Flott (Bromley), Albert Wolff, T L Sismore, J C Jackson, R R Watts, H C Chancellor (Cophorne), Ubique, G T Hughes (Athy), W P Hind, H S Brandreth, Henry B Byrnes (Torquay), E B Foord (Cheltenham), C Butcher, jun., J S Wesley, W David (Cardiff), Blair Cochran (Clewley), J Hall, C D (Camberwell), W Oxley (Southampton), J D Tucker (Leeds), Martin F. Finn (of Ballybrophy), C E Perugini, Stirlings (Ramsgate), Sergeant-Major E Hetchford, F Glanville, E B Blackburne (Lynnmouth), and G Joicey.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2602.—By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Q 7th K takes Kt

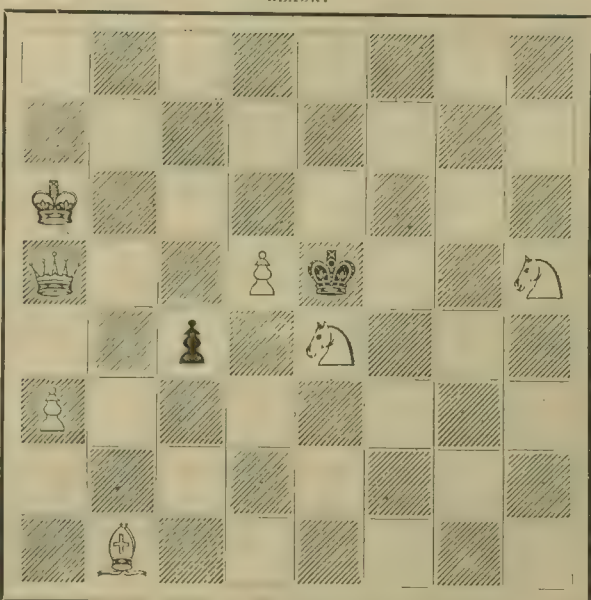
2. Kt to B 5th (ch) K to Q 4th or B 2nd

3. P to K 4th or Q to Q 6th. Mate.

If Black play 1. Q or R takes Q; 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch), K to Q sq; 3. Kt to B 6th. Mate. If 1. Q takes P; 2. Kt to Kt 5th (ch), &c., and if 1. P to Kt 4th, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), Kt to Kt 3rd; 3. Kt takes R. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2605.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City Club in the match between Messrs. H. JONES and E. O. JONES.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. H. Jones). BLACK (Mr. E. O. Jones).

1. Kt to K B 3rd P to K B 4th

2. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd

3. P to K 4th

We should like to know more of this singular line of attack before expressing an opinion. It is probable that Black can only retain the Pawn by P to Q 4th, and this, as is well known, leaves his K P weak.

4. P takes P P takes P

5. B to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd

Intending to check, if Black play P to K B 3rd. He may also play Kt to Q B 3rd, forcing Black to advance his Q P at once.

6. B to K 2nd P takes P

7. P to K B 3rd P takes P

8. R takes P P to K R 3rd

9. Kt to R 3rd P to Kt 3rd

10. B to Q 3rd B to Kt 2nd

11. R to Kt 3rd B to Q 3rd

12. R to Kt 6th

13. P to K Kt 4th K to B 2nd

14. P to K 5th would be good but for R takes Kt (ch). White now gets a fine attack, against which there seems no good defence.

15. P to Kt 5th P takes P

16. P to K R 3rd Kt to B 3rd

17. P to B 3rd Kt to K 2nd

18. R takes Kt (ch) P takes R

19. Kt to R 7th (ch) R takes Kt

20. B takes R Kt to Kt sq

21. Q to Kt 4th K to K sq

22. Q to Kt 6th (ch) K to K 2nd

23. Q to Kt 7th (ch) K to K sq

24. B to Kt 6th. Mate.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. G. W. FARROW and J. M. K. LUPTON.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. F.). BLACK (Mr. L.).

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

3. P to K Kt 3rd P to Q 4th

4. P takes P Kt takes P

5. B to Kt 2nd Kt takes Kt

6. Kt P takes Kt Kt to Q 2nd

7. Kt to K 2nd P to Q B 3rd

8. P to Q 4th Kt to B 3rd

9. Castles

10. B to Kt 5th P to K 5th

11. R to K sq B to K 4th

12. P to Q B 4th B to K 2nd

B takes Kt, followed by Kt to B 4th, wins Black's centre Pawn.

13. Kt to B 3rd R to K sq

14. P to B 3rd P takes P

15. B takes P B to K 5th

16. R takes R (ch) Kt takes R

17. Kt to K 2nd Kt to K 5th

18. B to B sq Kt to B 6th

19. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt

20. R to Kt sq Kt to Q sq

21. P to Q 5th P to Q Kt 3rd

22. B to B 4th P takes P

23. P takes P Q to R 5th

24. R to Kt 3rd R to Q B sq

A good move, threatening B to Q 5th (ch), and B takes Q B P, &c. The game cannot be maintained much longer by White.

25. R takes B R takes R

26. P to Q 6th Q takes B P

White resigns.

Among recent arrivals in chess columns we note that of the *New Review*, which alone among the monthlies has ventured to follow the example set by *Tinsley's* some two years ago. It is under the charge of Mr. Gunsberg.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

I knew it was coming. I shuddered as I took up review after review, and turned to the table of contents with horrible expectancy. The House of Lords! Its supreme fitness and gross incompetence, its hereditary uprightness and its calm independence, its tyrannical oligarchy and its unbiassed perceptions of the real interests of the people, its silly procedure and ludicrous debates, its business-like habits and consummate oratorical powers—these discords will soon possess the whole political and even social air. Here is a beginning in the *New Review*. Four noblemen and one writer who hides himself modestly in the Greek alphabet solemnly declare that the House of Lords is one of the best of our institutions. In the *Nineteenth Century* Professor Goldwin Smith, who has revisited political England, and finds it going to the bad faster than ever, affirms that our Second Chamber is threatened by "domineering and usurping violence." What slaves of phrases we are, even our philosophical sages from Toronto! How we love to use thumping words which thump just as hard one way as the other! Personally, I enjoy the fray, and can shriek, "Domineering usurper, go to!" with all my might in the proper place, which, I am thankful to say, is not here. In this column I don't want to know anything about the House of Lords and its hereditary virtues or vices. I should like to have a quiet time, vaguely philosophical, slightly touched with romance, and purely bookish. But such elysium is not for the reviewer of magazines. As soon as he puts his nose into their pages he is assailed by a maddening whirl of revolting daughters (they are at it again in the *Nineteenth Century*!), political prophecies, Old Testament criticism (there is a gentleman in the *Contemporary* who sets all the Biblical critics right); in short, the whole dust-storm which blows across the desert of periodical literature once a month. To my exceeding solace, I find Mr. Zangwill (whose "Without Prejudice" is much the best feature of the present number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*) lifting up a passionate cry against all problems whatsoever. He gives a long and terrible list of the subjects which demand opinions every day of our lives. Of course, the Woman Question performs a serpentine dance in the midst of the horrid phantasmagoria. But what ministering angel touches my brow, wrung by the toil and anguish of the spectacle! It is Miss Edith Brower, who says in the *Atlantic Monthly* that man is the superior being because he has a greater emotional capacity than woman. I feel that, like the passion-worn hero in Mr. Gilbert's play, I shall bless Miss Brower with my latest breath. One more comfort comes to me from *Cassell's Magazine* in "a talk with Miss Buss" about the education of girls. Miss Buss and Miss Beale are two of the great preceptors of girlhood, and I remember a story of an audacious pupil who wrote this lampoon on those worthy spinsters with a piece of chalk on a blackboard—

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Love's darts do not feel—
He aims them at us!
Poor Beale and poor Buss!

After that I am a little calmer till I light upon Mr. Grant Allen's "New Hedonism" in the *Fortnightly*. It begins by dismissing Carlyle as a "cheap imitation thinker," and Browning as a "smug optimist poet," goes on by vaulting stages to arraign Christian ethics, Puritanism, asceticism in every form, asserts the doctrine that "self-development is greater than self-sacrifice," and ends by knocking me down with the furniture that ought to occupy every cultivated mind. "Morality has nothing to do with religion," says Mr. Grant Allen. "Religion and morality are inseparable," says Count Tolstoi in the *Contemporary*, though what the mystical Russian means by either is one of those things which "no fellah can understand." Hauptmann's drama, of which Mr. William Archer translates the first part in the *New Review*, is a relief from Russian metaphysics, though it is an uncanny jumble of poetry and realism. In *Macmillan*, Mr. William Watson appears as a story-teller, with a curious tale of an hallucination which was cured by the nervous shock of a narrow escape from drowning. Those sombre young novelists, Mr. George Gissing and Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe, are busy eclipsing the gaiety of nations. Mr. Crackanthorpe finishes in the *New Review* a story called "A Commonplace Chapter," in which a barrister who has blundered in his marriage makes an unsuccessful attempt to flirt with a lady whose cause he pleaded in the Divorce Court. There is a great deal of subtle observation in this study of masculine selfishness, though the evolution of the narrative is rather abrupt. Mr. Gissing's "Our Mr. Jupp" in the *English Illustrated* is a revelation of sordid meanness in the lower middle-class man. Indeed, man is such a sorry creature the moment any analytical student takes him in hand that you are glad to seek refuge from accusing conscience in the adventures of Blondin, in Mr. Pemberton's capital jewel story, the best of the series so far, in the *English Illustrated*, and in the composer's joke which, in the same magazine, has turned the "torn hair" of Herrick's mad maiden into her "arm chair." I am grateful also to Mr. Gerard Fienues for his pleasant gossip about Thackeray in the *New Review*, accompanied by some forgotten drawings of that great writer but most eccentric draughtsman.

Frankly, though, I must own that the chief joy of the reviews to me is a slashing onslaught in the *Fortnightly* on the collectors of "first editions." "Bare-faced gambling" is the mildest expression the writer applies to a pastime which is pursued by some of my dearest friends. I rejoice to see them trounced in this fashion. I am revenged for many a futile spasm of envy with which I have surveyed their shelves. They spend large sums, says this unsparing critic, on the worst books of illustrious authors. They are proud of three-volume first editions, purchased at fabulous prices, when any sensible man is content to buy a single-volume edition for a couple of shillings. I do not know Mr. W. Roberts, who has written this article, but I take the liberty of crying "Good lad! To them again!" I have coveted those sets of three volumes, and that is why I rejoice to see them abused. The great merit of the love of books is that it brings out the worst passions of human nature perfectly unabashed.

L. F. A.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. PENWICK-MILLER.

It is a profound source of satisfaction that the Princess of Wales has immediately contradicted the impertinent rumours as to her intention to retire permanently from society, by the simple course of resuming her place therein, to a great and marked extent. It is doubtless something of an effort for her to do so, for the loss of her son and of a dear and trusted friend followed so closely one on the other that our Princess would not be the sweet, tender womanly nature that she is, and that is the very source of the love felt for her by the nation, if she had been able to throw off at once the effects of such a blow. But she knows that we have no one to replace her in our midst, that wherever she goes she confers great pleasure, and generally does great service, either directly or indirectly, and that the duty to which she has ever been alive calls on her to perform the task so difficult, but imposed on all in life from time to time—to go on as if nothing had occurred to take the savour out of everything and cast a shade of sadness on all life's occupations. In such circumstances, the renewal of the daily round, whether by a poor working woman in her mean apartment, lightened and sweetened no longer by the smiles of her child, or of the most illustrious lady of the land, must be a mere bending beneath a task; but by a blessed provision of Nature the distraction of the mind that is thus imposed is the best cure for the wretchedness and haunting sorrow, and we will welcome back our popular Princess in the hope that she will find as much benefit to her health as she will confer on the thousands whose prosperity depends on a "good season."

Her Royal Highness wore at the first Drawing-Room a petticoat of black satin and a train of striped moiré of the same sable hue, both lightened by profuse embroideries in jet; on her head was the fine diamond tiara, a series of spikes, very tall in front and graduated behind, but made to fit crown-like round the head, presented to her by ladies of her personal acquaintance on the occasion of her silver wedding. She also wore her splendid rivière of diamonds and a high collar of pearls, and a large number of orders, and really looked quite her old sparkling, bright self as she passed through the enthusiastic welcome of the crowd in the park. As the Court dresses at the early Drawing-Rooms are supposed to indicate the early season fashions for evening wear, it was interesting to observe that full or balloon sleeves about halfway to the elbow were almost universal, the only difference among them being that some were looped up a little at the front so as to allow a full fall of lace to droop from the bottom, while others were straight and unfrilled, set on a band to enclose the arm, over which drooped the fullness of the material only. Many

of the gowns were made with a stiffened collar over the shoulder, either beginning at the ends of the square-cut *décolletage* or carried right round the cut of the neck. Lace epaulettes also were seen on many gowns. A double skirt effect was produced on some of the petticoats, in some cases by there being a straight deep basque reaching to the knees, like a three-quarter out-o'-door jacket; in others simulated by trimming; an actual two-tier skirt I did not see. I may mention, however, that as far as the spring's intentions in the way of fashions are yet perceptible, double-skirted walking and visiting dresses are to be worn. Some of the smart new models have the fronts arranged like an apron, with the exact centre brought to a point;



TESTIMONIAL TO MR. JOHN JAMES RICHARDSON.

others are slightly raised at each side over an underskirt or a simulated one.

A curious fact has been perceived by Mr. R. H. Rew, who has ascertained that we consumed in 1893 some 161,000 tons less meat than in the previous year. The decline in the quantity eaten of home-grown meat was some 43,000 tons, and the decline in imported meat was about 118,000 tons. Put in another way, there was a reduction of ten pounds per head of the population in the weight of meat consumed in the year. This is certainly a curious fact, and it will cheer up the vegetarians. It is to be feared, however, that it is mainly an indication of the poverty produced by the great coal strike. It has been calculated with close precision that no less than the value of thirty millions of money was lost to the commonweal, directly and indirectly, by the awful period of what they grimly call "play" that the

miners felt it needful to go through. This loss was distributed over all classes of the community, from the "bloated capitalists" who own shares in our railways, and who run factories that had to stop for want of coal, to the poor sloop needlewomen and many other sorts of labourers, whose work came to an end because the miners ceased to produce wealth for themselves and so to purchase the production of others. No wonder we ate less meat; and the vegetarians need not yet consider their cause as making grand strides.

No doubt, however, there is one thing they have convinced many housewives of by their preaching, and that is that the most costly tradesman's book may be kept at a fairly low figure without real injury to the health. To the housewife struggling to be economical, the butcher is the greatest difficulty. What with his selling Colonial meat at the old-fashioned price of the limited supply of the home product, and his custom of sending us short weight, and when he finds that this is detected substituting a practice of supplying an undue proportion of fat and bone with the joints, he is really a terror amongst tradesmen. The London County Council, which claims to have already saved the fortunate ratepayers of London £250,000 per annum by forcing the coal-merchants to deliver full weight, is promising to turn its attention to butchers. Meantime the only feasible way to circumvent them is to carry yet further the process of utilising the vegetable world for our food supply. Only, if a partial vegetarianism be deliberately followed, it is needful to be careful to supply a sufficient proportion of the pulses—such as peas, lentils, barley, haricots, whole wheatmeal, and oatmeal—to give those elements in which green vegetables and potatoes are deficient. Milk and eggs and cheese are also of value in a dietary from which large supplies of meat are banished. For the rest, meat is more needed for flavour than for actual food. To keep the table as "tasty," succulent, and agreeable on vegetables as on abundant supplies of all sorts of flesh food is by far the more difficult task for the cook and caterer. On another occasion I will try to illustrate this fact.

LONDON AND SUBURBAN RAILWAY OFFICIALS' ASSOCIATION. At the annual dinner of this association, on Feb. 24, at the Criterion, the secretary, Mr. Richardson, was presented with a testimonial gift, which consisted of a clock and ornaments, with a diamond ring and gold bracelet. These articles were manufactured by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill. The clock bears the following inscription: "This clock and ornaments were presented to Mr. John James Richardson by the members and friends of the London and Suburban Railway Officials' Association, as a mark of respect and esteem on the twenty-first anniversary of the association, and in the tenth year of his secretaryship, Feb. 24, 1894."



IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

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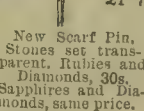
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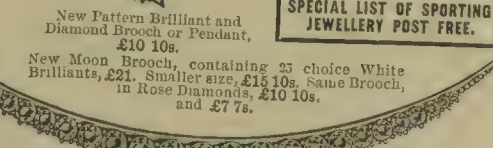
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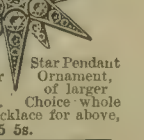
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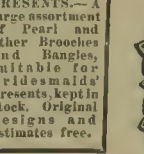
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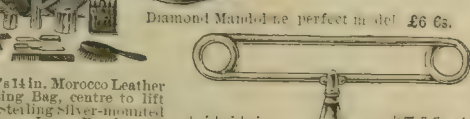
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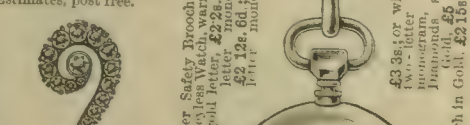
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MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Society inaugurated its eighty-second season on Wednesday, Feb. 28, at the new Queen's Hall, whither the concerts of this venerable institution have now been transferred. There was present a large and demonstrative audience, and in the general opinion the change of *locale* was fully justified by the results. Some ears detected a slight diminution in the sonority of the famous strings which of late years have been the pride of Philharmonic subscribers; but the difference was only trifling anyhow, and due solely to the greater size of the room, so that it could easily be set right by the engagement of half-a-dozen more violins—an outlay which would surely be warranted by the increase in the receipts as compared with St. James's Hall. Dr. Mackenzie resumed the baton, which he took up with such skill and success last year, and was warmly welcomed on taking his place. His band did well throughout the evening, and earned special laurels for a remarkably fine performance of the new symphony in B minor, composed by the lamented Russian master, Peter Tchaikowsky, now given for the first time in this country. This work—one of extraordinary individuality, power, and technical elaboration—required more than a solitary hearing to permit a comprehensive grasp of its many complex details; and the Philharmonic directors, recognising this fact, have sensibly determined that it shall be repeated at the second concert. The compliment herein involved would not be desirable in the case of every new work that cannot be "taken in all at once," but in the present instance it is alike deserved and essential. Tchaikowsky's last symphony is obviously a *chef-d'œuvre* of the highest order, and its unconventionalities of design and structure, unlike the strivings after originality betrayed in so many ambitious examples of modern symphonic writing, possess endless features of interest, combined with the most delightful beauties of melodic and rhythmical effect. The intricate and varied sections of the first movement especially require further analysis; while the graceful allegro in 5-4 measure and that dignified, impressive adagio lamentoso which ends the work and explains its title of "Symphonie Pathétique," will repay any number of subsequent hearings. The instrumental soloist at the above concert was Mr. Leonard Borwick, whose masterly rendering of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto and Grieg's Ballade in G minor evoked unanimous commendation. Concerning Miss Ella Russell's delivery of Mendelssohn's "Infelice," the less said, perhaps, the better.

It would be interesting to know what works really pay at the Royal Albert Hall and what do not. Those in the former category might, we suspect, be counted upon the fingers of one hand; and, of course, there need be no hesitation in saying that the only "safe draw" in the whole repertory is the "Messiah." But of the oratorios that never can or will be found to bring a profit there must be many; while on a par with these may assuredly be placed "mixed programmes" of the kind put forward on March 1, when the "Requiem" portion of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," was performed in conjunction

with Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Time was when the "Stabat" would alone have sufficed to ensure a big attendance, but that day has long since passed, and on this occasion the most operatic of church compositions appeared to have as little attraction for oratorio-lovers as the Mass which constitutes the continuation to the "Redemption." To make matters worse, the weather on the evening of the concert was miserable in the extreme, and, except when there was a thick fog, we have rarely seen a smaller gathering at an Albert Hall concert. To compensate for this, the choral performance was of the highest excellence, while the band left practically nothing to be desired. Mrs. Elene Eaton sang the soprano solos in careful style, her ample tones easily filling the huge amphitheatre; Miss Marie Brema and Mr. Watkin Mills both acquitted themselves admirably; and a newcomer from Frankfurt, Herr von Bandrowski, made a moderately successful début, his intelligent method, rather than any notable freshness or charm of voice, telling in his favour with the audience. Sir Joseph Barnby conducted with his customary zeal and ability.

Of the two additions made to the repertory of the Crystal Palace Concerts on Saturday, March 3, Haydn's violoncello concerto in D minor was by no means unknown to amateurs, nor for that matter are any of the set of six to which it belongs. Still, it is a particularly genial and melodious composition, and for that reason, apart from the pleasure afforded by a faultless interpretation of the solo, Herr Hugo Becker may be heartily thanked for reviving it. The talented 'cellist earned cordial applause in the concerto, and also later on in a couple of effectively written solos from his own pen, which he played with orchestra. One of these pieces, entitled "Liebeswerbung," is so pleasing that Herr Becker can hardly fail to make it popular. The second prominent novelty of the afternoon, Mr. Walter Wesché's orchestral ballad, "The Legend of Excalibur," did not altogether satisfy connoisseurs, though, thanks perhaps to a capital rendering under the energetic guidance of Mr. Manns, the audience felt sufficiently indulgent to call the composer to the platform. The subject requires stronger and more picturesque treatment, if instrumental music alone is to tell the story, and, although Mr. Wesché displays a praiseworthy artistic aim, he does not quite "carry enough guns" for his purpose. Mlle. Olitzka achieved an emphatic success on her first appearance as vocalist at these concerts. Her fine voice and dramatic style were greatly admired.

Dr. Bradbury, a physician practising at Cambridge, educated at Downing College, and long medical lecturer there and at Gonville and Caius College, has been appointed Downing Professor of Medicine in that University.

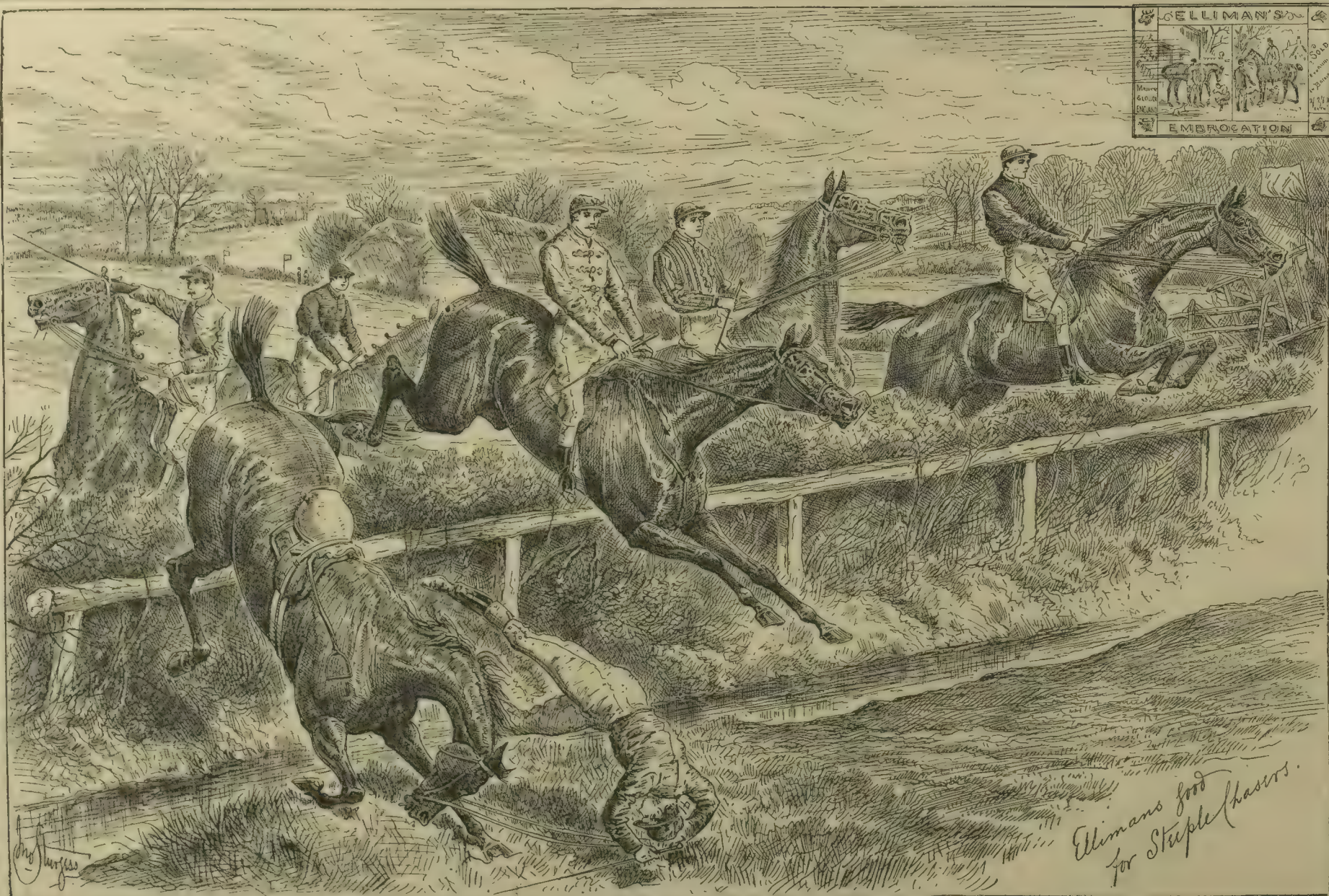
The Welshmen resident in London held a national banquet at the Criterion on the eve of St. David's Day, Feb. 28, Sir G. Osborne Morgan in the chair. One of the chief toasts was that of prosperity to the newly established University of Wales. It was announced that the Prince of Wales will be present at the Welsh Eisteddfod this year.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Fulleylove's hundred water-colour drawings at the Fine Art Society illustrate "Paris of To-day" in a bright and attractive garb. We catch a true idea of her streets, her parks, her gardens, and even of her *fin-de-siècle* buildings, like the Eiffel Tower and the Moulin Rouge. It is not, however, in the bustle of the streets or the brilliancy of the parterres that Mr. Fulleylove is to be seen at his best, but rather when he revivifies with his bright colouring the porch of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the Hôtel de Cluny, or the Maison de François I.; while to some his careful study of that most interesting, but perhaps least visited, of Paris churches, St. Etienne du Mont, will have the greatest attraction. As Mr. F. Wedmore in his excellent prefatory note points out, it is Mr. Fulleylove's skill as an architectural painter that makes him so pleasant and so judicious a guide to the streets of Paris of to-day, where still survive, despite the raging mania of M. Haussmann, traces of an old Paris which successively recall Henri Quatre, Voltaire, and Balzac—Paris of the Middle Ages, of Louis XV., and of the Restoration, as well as the modern sumptuousness of the Third Empire.

There is an old adage concerning the folly of looking a gift-horse in the mouth, but it is possible that this expression of popular wisdom was crystallised before the days of public benefactions. The offer of Mr. Yates Thompson to spend £38,000 upon a "Campo Santo" at Westminster is one with which it is unpleasant to cavil, but it must be admitted that its acceptance involves some points which deserve consideration. In the first place, there is still room in Westminster Abbey for ninety-two more graves, and at the rate at which "illustrious men" are produced this should suffice for the modest requirements of at least a century. It is obvious, moreover, that so long as these ninety-two spaces are vacant no one will wish to have a *proxime accessit* assigned to his hero (or heroine) in Mr. Yates Thompson's annexe; and it would surely be the height of absurdity to erect a building which for a century would be unused except as a refuge for the half-worthy. Another point for consideration is whether anyone anxious about the beauty and associations of Westminster Abbey would willingly consent to the removal of the picturesque houses outside Poet's Corner. For these and other reasons we should be glad to hear that Mr. Yates Thompson had found some more pressing object for his generosity—and to find such he has no need to look far afield.

Not often does so fine a collection of engravings of the works of Sir Edwin Landseer come into the market as that to be sold on Friday and Saturday, March 9 and 10, by Messrs. Christie and Manson. They were the property of the late Mr. James Bland, of Sanderstead Court, Surrey, and number over 200—mostly artist's proofs of Landseer's best works. The collection of pictures also comprises ten of the finest paintings of Dyce, examples of Millais, Faed, Hook, Cope, and Ruysdael, and a small number of water colours by Josef Israels.



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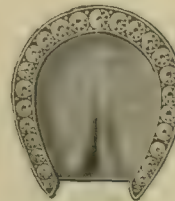
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 7, 1887), with a codicil (dated Jan. 10, 1894), of Mr. Henry Page, of Ware, Herts, maltster, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 24 by Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Page, the widow, Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Croft, the daughter, and Richard Benyon Croft, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,087,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to Mr. George Holmes Blakesley; £20,000 to his son-in-law and executor, Mr. R. B. Croft; and all sums in the public stocks or funds standing in his sole name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Croft, for life, and then for her issue, including grandchildren or more remote issue, as she shall appoint. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will, as contained in two papers (dated respectively April 8 and June 6, 1889) of Mr. William Ingham Whitaker, J.P., of Pylewell Park, Lymington, Hants, who died on Sept. 26, was proved on Feb. 22 by John Arthur Whitaker, the brother, and William Ingham Whitaker, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £902,000. The testator bequeaths 25,263 lire for the poor of Palermo; £5000 each to the National Society for the Education of the Poor, the Christian Knowledge Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Church Missionary Society, the National Life-Boat Institution, the South Hants Infirmary, and the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund; £5000 for charitable purposes in connection with the diocese of Argyll; £4000 Two and Three-quarter per Cent. Stock, upon trust, for the augmentation of the maintenance of the minister of Baddesley, Boldre, Hants; £5000 to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Emily Georgina Whitaker; £5000 each to three sisters; and other legacies. He directs £25,000 to be paid to the trustees of his marriage settlement according to his covenant, an additional sum of £25,000 to be held upon the trusts of the settlement, and a further sum of £50,000 to be held upon trust for his wife for life or during widowhood, and then if she shall not have married again, as she shall appoint; and he declares that the provision made for his wife and children by his will is in addition to that made for them by the said settlement, which he confirms. He gives his house at Palermo, with the appurtenances, to his son William Ingham, four freehold properties in Sicily and Italy to his son George Cecil; the Pylewell estate, with the household furniture, chattels, and effects at the mansion house to his said son, William Ingham; and the Kingsborne estates, Hants, with the furniture, chattels, and effects at the mansion house to his son Hugh Sartorius. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety to his son William Ingham, and the remaining moiety to be divided between his other children.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1885) of Mr. George Hankey, J.P., of Henley House, Frant, Sussex, who died on

Dec. 14, was proved on Feb. 24 by Richard Musgrave Harvey, the nephew, Henry Edward Charles Braddell, and the Rev. Robert Walter Powell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £187,000. The testator leaves Henley House and all his lands and hereditaments in the parish of Frant for his wife, Mrs. Selina Katherine Hankey, and his daughter Miss Anne Hankey, to occupy as they shall think fit, and subject thereto to go with his residuary estate. He bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, wines, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife and said daughter; £6000 each to his wife and his children, George Alexander, Anne, Eva, Beatrice, and Agatha; £1000, upon trust, for his granddaughter Margaret Braddell; and £500 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife and all his children in equal shares, the daughters' shares to be held upon trust for them.

The will (dated Dec. 31, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1892), of Mr. Charles Henry Lardner Woodd, of Roslyn House, Hampstead, and Oughtershaw Hall, Skipton, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 22 by the Rev. Trevor Basil Woodd and Charles Hampden Basil Woodd, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, all his jewellery, and the furniture, effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock at Roslyn House, to his wife, Mrs. Jane Woodd; all his furniture, effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock at Oughtershaw Hall, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son, Trevor Basil, if he shall exercise the option of purchasing the property; his interest under the settlement of his late daughter Mrs. Bell, and on the death or marriage again of his wife, £6000 to his daughter Winifred Charlotte Dumbell, and an annuity in the meantime; £10,000 each to his daughters Gertrude Jane and Ethel Grace on the death or marriage again of his wife, and annuities in the meantime; £500 and £400 per annum during the life or widowhood of his wife to his son Trevor Basil, and then £20,000; he also gives him the option of purchasing his property at Oughtershaw and Starbottom farm for £20,000; a like present, legacy, and annuity to his son Charles Hampden Basil, and then £15,000; and many legacies to members of his family, clerks in the employ of his firm of Basil Woodd and Sons, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his said two sons.

The will (dated May 18, 1893) of Mr. William Williams of Llewesog Hall, near Denbigh, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Feb. 26 by Mrs. Catherine Williams, the widow, and Thomas Williams, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to the Welsh Calvinistic Foreign Missionary Society; £100 to the Welsh Calvinistic Home Missionary Society; £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; and annuities to several chapels and churches for the purchase of books for prizes in the Sunday schools.

He also bequeaths all his furniture, effects, live and dead stock to his wife; £5 to each tenant on certain of the estates belonging to him and his son Thomas, whose rents amount to £10 and upwards, and £2 to each of the tenants whose rents are below that sum; and many legacies to nephews, nieces, and their children, servants, and others. Certain estates are given to his wife, for life, and then to his son Thomas; and various properties are left, upon trust, for his son William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son Thomas.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1892) of the Hon. Mrs. Catherine Mary Keane, of Mere Hall, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 21 by James Grant Peterkin and Charles Granville Kekewich, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000, upon trust, to augment the stipend of the incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Over Tabley; £1000, upon trust, for a coal and blanket fund for Over Tabley to be distributed among those saving money out of their weekly earnings, and depositing it in the Post-Office, and not to the thriftless; £5000 upon trust, for her nephew, Montagu William White, his wife, and certain of his children; £2000 to her niece Alexandra Graham Campbell; £1000 each to her nieces Mary Marion Kekewich and Charlotte Eva Starling and her god-daughter Kate Muriel Brooks White; £1000, upon trust, for her sister, Christian Rebecca Macleod, for life, and then for Piers Keane Kekewich; and other legacies, pecuniary and specific. The residue of her property she leaves to her nieces Kate Grant Peterkin and Mary Marion Kekewich, her god-daughter Kate Monica Grant Peterkin, and Arthur St. John Mackintosh Kekewich, equally.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1881), with two codicils (dated April 10, 1890, and March 24, 1892), of Mrs. Caroline Catherine Austen, of Lynton, Hants, Sussex, formerly of Kippington, Kent, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Feb. 19 by the Rev. Francis Henry Murray and Thomas Salt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 to the Orphanage Institution of Chiselhurst, Kent; £100 each to the Widows' Society (Sackville Street), the Consumption Hospital (Ventnor), and the Church Building Fund of Sayers Common; and many other legacies, including one of £100 to "my brother Henry Edward Manning." The residue of her property, whether real or personal, she leaves, upon trust, for Thomas Austen Holcroft, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1893) of the Hon. Mrs. Cecilia Mary Jocelyn, of 62, Warwick Square, Pimlico, who died at Pisa, was proved on Feb. 22 by Major-General Alexander James Hardy Elliot, C.B., the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testatrix devises and bequeaths all the real and personal estate which she shall be entitled to at the time of her decease, to her said brother.

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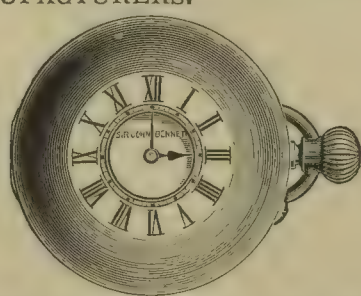
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The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Jadic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone, among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazou and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Bourgeois de Calais," with Mlle. Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The further programme announces, from March 10 to April 1, two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Scaramouche," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, &c.; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," &c. and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elvira, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, &c.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre will have been accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

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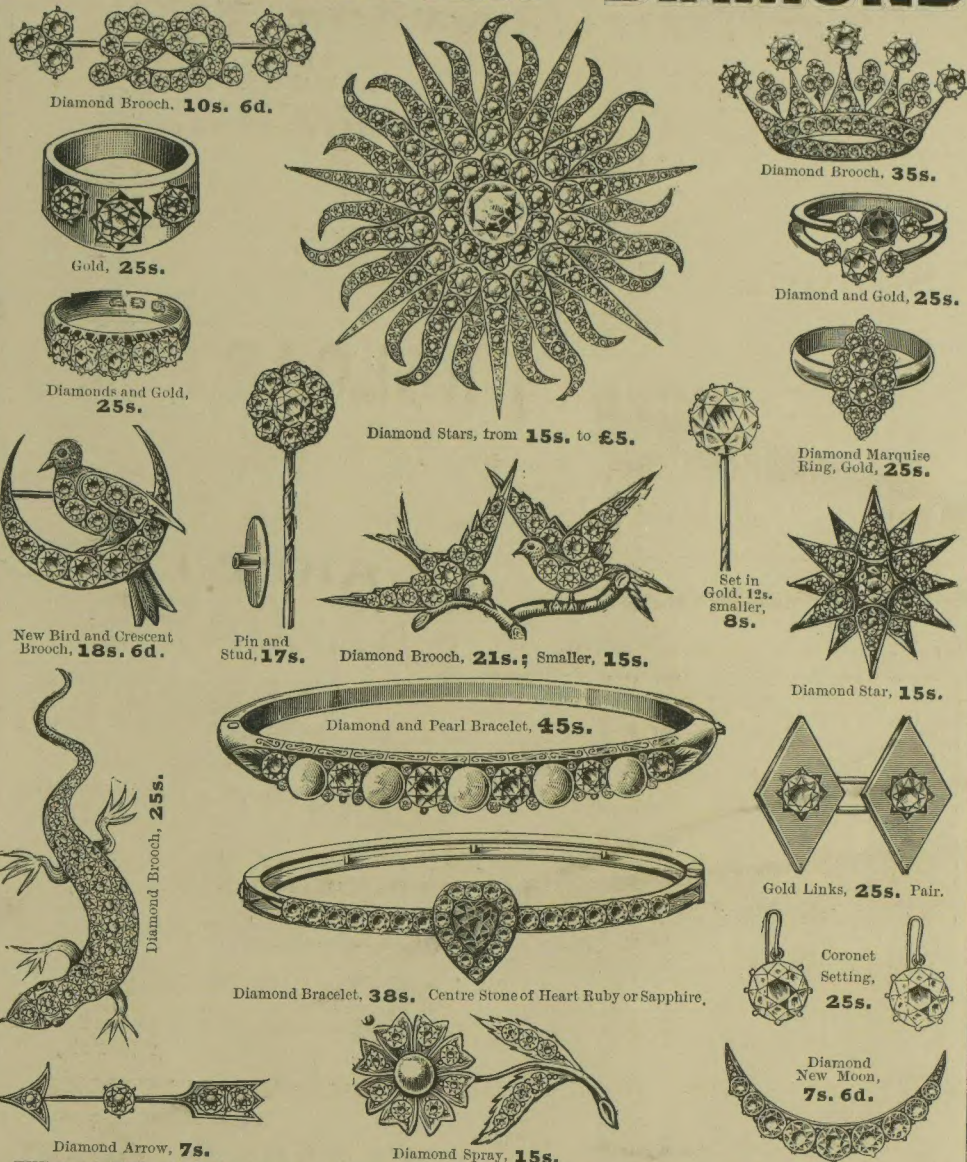
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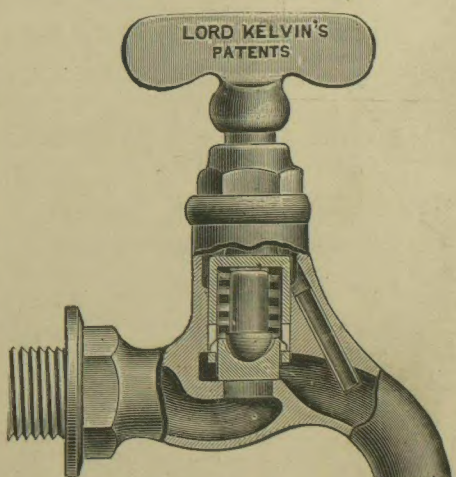
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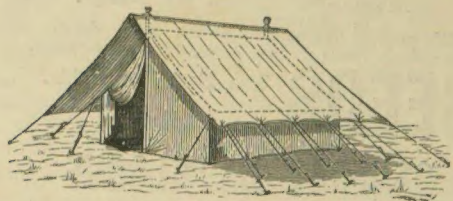
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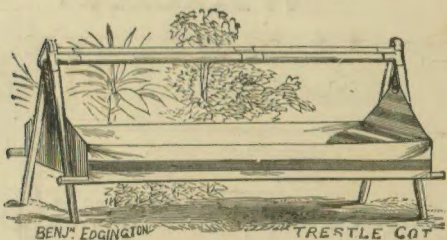


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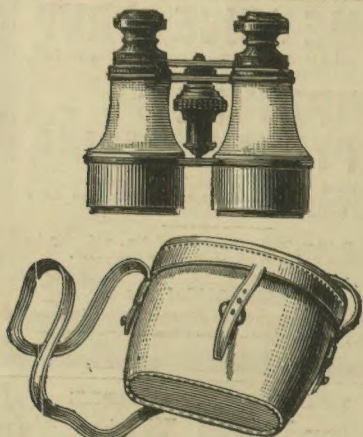


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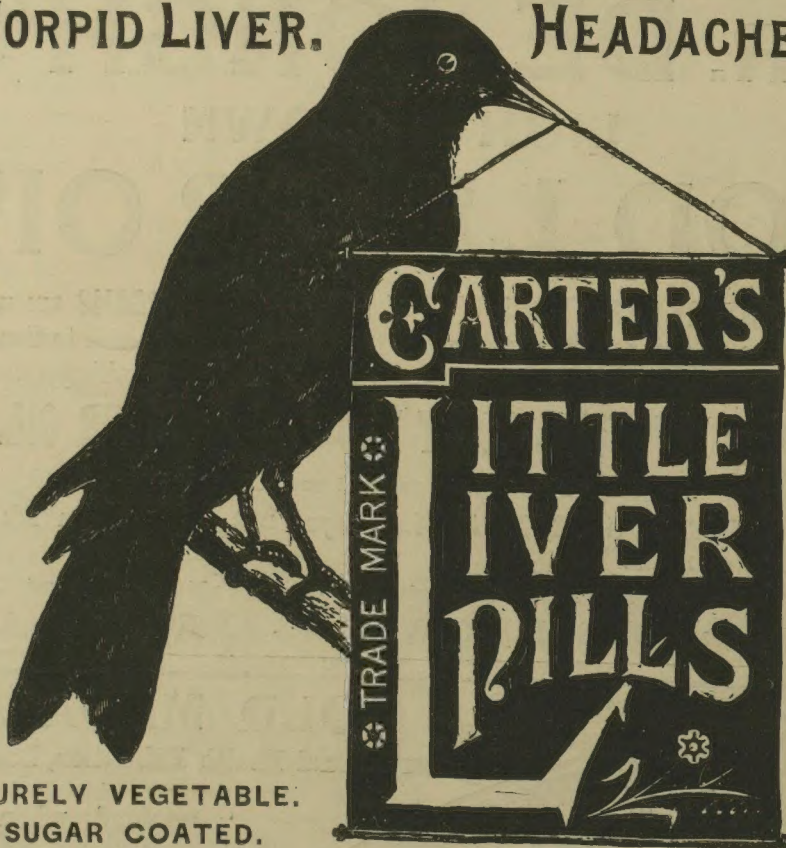
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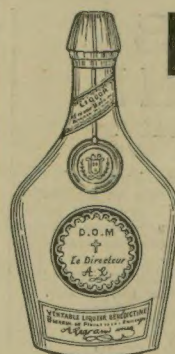
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